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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1874.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW STORY.

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A SLANDER CONSIDERED.

THE character of the judges upon the bench is a matter of such vital importance to the public welfare that it is an urgent duty of the press to scan it closely, and when it is unjustly assailed, to defend and protect it. It is a kind of treachery to the highest public interest to suffer in silence assaults upon the honor of magistrates; and the public is apt to believe charges which are not plainly refuted. We spoke last week of the manner in which Judge DAVIS has been attacked. There is doubtless in many minds a regretful feeling that he did in the case of PHELPS, DODGE, & Co. something which was not quite candid and upright; and we propose now to state the simple facts which a careful study of all the testimony in that case reveals, that those who are not resolved to denounce him may see how honorable and blameless his conduct was.

Judge DAVIS was District Attorney, the legal adviser and counsel of the government in revenue cases. The revenue law of 1799 makes actual intent to defraud by the entries in an invoice the test of forfeiture; and the jury must find that the acts were done with intent to evade the payment of duties. The law of 1863 changed this, and required not that the importer should mean to defraud, but only that the irregular entries should have been knowingly made. The method of invoicing adopted by PHELPS, DODGE, & Co. in perfect good faith had resulted in their overpayments of duties being largely in excess of the underpayments. This showed plainly enough that there was no intent to defraud. But of all this Judge DAVIS knew nothing. His attention was first called to the subject by the customs authorities, under the wretched law which made irregularity in one point, but without the least fraudulent purpose, condemn the whole invoice.

He had but three interviews with the customs authorities upon the subject. At the first he saw the affidavit alleging the erroneous valuations, but there was nothing to show that the government had been the gainer by the whole transaction. He did, therefore, what under the law was his plain duty: he advised that it was a case for investigation. From that time he had nothing more to do with the case, JAYNE continuing the investigation, until his advice was again sought by the government. He then had an interview with JAYNE and the counsel for PHELPS, DODGE, & Co., who had advised a settlement, to which the firm had assented. Judge DAVIS had neither by word nor deed procured or urged a settlement, and the proof of it is the constant friendly regard of the firm for him. At the interview he was consulted as to the best method of settlement, and he advised that which was most usual in this class of cases, a fact which relieves him from the imputation of hurrying a settlement for his own advantage. The third interview was that at the Custom-house, where again, as the legal adviser of the government, he stated the fact, which he could not deny or conceal, that the courts had generally held that the whole invoice, and not the tainted items only, were forfeited. This was undeniable, and Senator CONKLING gave the same opinion more forcibly. At this interview, irritated by circumstances that had been brought to his knowledge, he declined to take any fee, and stated his belief that no jury would ever give a verdict for the government—that is to say, that there could be no evidence of fraud or of actual loss to the government offered. Judge DAVIS did nothing but his plain duty during all this time.

And now was there any thing in his subsequent action inconsistent with this? He believed that under the law the invoices were liable to forfeiture, and that the proposed settlement was legal and proper. Intent to defraud had nothing whatever to do with the forfeiture. The Secretary of the Treasury might, indeed, have remitted the forfeiture, but that would have exposed the firm to a suit and judgment for a vast amount under the law, with serious injury to their credit. They preferred the settlement, with which Judge DAVIS had nothing whatever to do. When he had left office, and when one of the most honorable houses in the country was held up to public odium as swindlers who had sought to defraud the government, and when the fact transpired that the overpayments were largely in excess of the underpayments—which was conclusive against fraudulent intent, and which Judge DAVIS did not know until he had left office—with the natural instinct of an honest man he wrote to Mr. DODGE that he was satisfied there was no intent to defraud, but not saying that under the law the settlement was wrong or illegal, which would have been a confession that his own conduct had been oppressive. There has, therefore, been no change of position or opinion whatever upon the part of Judge DAVIS. His conduct has been entirely consistent and honorable. The law undoubtedly allowed him fees in such cases, but the fees did not depend upon fraudulent intent, and the fact of fees did not release him from his duty to advise the government.

As for the letters to JAYNE, they alluded to certain just and lawful dues of his office, which had not yet been paid, and which he wished JAYNE not to forget. Judge DAVIS was then upon the Supreme Bench for fourteen years, and his letters could not mean that he wished business from JAYNE. So in regard to the expression that all trouble would have been avoided had the settlement been made as agreed. It refers to the long and angry controversy in the case of PHELPS, DODGE, & Co. The evidence in the whole affair shows clearly to an impartial mind that Judge DAVIS's conduct throughout was that of an honorable lawyer. Nor is there the least support afforded by it for the bitter calumnies to which he has been subjected. That constant and malignant hostility, however, is only one of the penalties which a resolute and incorruptible magistrate must expect to pay who has made himself obnoxious to organized and powerful rascality. It was a striking refutation of the slanders which have been uttered against him that at the late dinner of the Chamber of Commerce Judge DAVIS should have been called upon by Mr. WILLIAM E. DODGE in these words, which were received with immense applause:

"We had anticipated the pleasure of having our highly honored Chief Magistrate, Governor DIX, respond to the next toast, but a telegram has been received expressing his regret that the pressure of public duties will not permit him to be present. I shall ask a gentleman to take his place who has honorably filled many high positions in our State, and has recently commended himself to the esteem of our best citizens by his honest and impartial trials and condemnations of the men who had so long plundered our city government, though he has also secured the enmity of those who sympathized with their crimes. He has also taken a noble stand in the effort to secure to our merchants a revision of our revenue laws. I will call on the Hon. NOAH DAVIS."

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

THERE was recently an interesting discussion in the House of Representatives, in which Messrs. E. R. HOAR, S. S. COX, and R. S. HALE took part, upon a bill reported by Mr. HOAR from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to establish the conditions upon which the rights of citizens of the United States may be enjoyed. We do not hold to the doctrine of perpetual allegiance, and the object of the bill is to decide when citizens have renounced their nationality. It is a subject which has for a long time engaged the attention of the government, and the President having asked the opinion of the members of the cabinet, recommended the question to the consideration of Congress. The duty of the government to protect its citizens being conceded, may it not provide that the claim to that protection shall not be abused? This country has always invited immigration. The current of foreigners to our shores is immense. The proportion of citizens of foreign birth is much greater here than in any other country; and the inducements for foreigners to use this country and its citizenship as a mere personal convenience are many and tempting. Mr. HOAR mentioned as an illustration the case of a young Frenchman, who came to New Orleans "apparently in pursuit of adventures." He was naturalized there, and in the following year returned to France, with no intention of returning to this country. He settled in France, and married; children were born to him, and he died, leaving his family in France. His oldest son, born in France, of French parents, who had never resided nor intended to reside in this country, upon reaching the age of twenty was called upon by the law of France for military service, and he thereupon applied to the American minister for protection as an American citizen, being the child of an American citizen, born abroad.

This is a kind of case which naturally embarrasses the government. Do we wish American citizenship to be as cheap and meaningless as that? As a matter of international comity do we wish that foreigners wholly beyond our control, who are of no use or service to us, who have never been upon our soil, and who can not even speak our language, shall plead American citizenship as a bar to the laws of their native country, in which they have always resided, with no intention whatever of residing elsewhere? There are, indeed, several treaties with other nations which substantially provide for the purposes of the bill; but it was thought wise to make one general and uniform legislative provision, based upon the principle of those treaties. The bill, therefore, declares that they shall not be considered citizens of the United States who become naturalized elsewhere; who enter into a foreign military or civil service; who are "domiciled" abroad (residing with direct or presumptive proof of intention to remain), except upon the registration provided in the bill; who by the terms of any treaty may be regarded as having resumed their foreign nationality; who upon returning to their native country may be convicted of offenses committed before their arrival in the United States; wives who marry aliens; and naturalized citizens who become domiciled in their native country, except when other provision is made by treaty. The bill further declares that citizens domiciled abroad may continue their citizenship upon registration in the manner prescribed by the bill.

This is the substance of the bill. It is very stringent, and assumes two things—that citizenship of the United States is desirable, and that it has been grievously abused. Mr. COX, in an off-hand speech, opposed the bill as discouraging immigration by diminishing the value of citizenship, But surely foreigners who seek our citizenship, not from preference of this country, not from a wish to live here and found families, and enrich the country with their industry, and defend it with their arms, but merely that they may live in other countries and evade their laws, ought to be discouraged. Nor is the value of American citizenship diminished by insisting that it shall not be abused. Mr. COX thought that the sole purpose of the bill was to curtail the rights of naturalized citizens tarrying abroad, and asked whether if Congress could denationalize a citizen for being away from the country for two years, it might not impose the same penalty upon him for going away at all. But as this country does not maintain the doctrine of perpetual allegiance, it is a mere question of expediency whether the government or the citizen shall decide when allegiance has been renounced. Mr. COX warmly condemned the BANCROFT treaty with Germany, which, he says, makes a naturalized American from Bavaria, if he does business at Hamburg or Bremen, and resides for a day over two years, a subject of the German Emperor, although he was never such subject before. But Mr. COX seems to forget that the merchant may escape this fate in two ways provided by the bill: one is the clause which excepts commercial establishments abroad as domiciles, unless there be an intention not to return; and the other is the declaration of a wish for continued citizenship and registration.

Mr. ROBERT S. HALE, of New York, in an able and eloquent argument, also opposed the bill. The rights of the citizen against foreign governments, he thought, can not be affected by our laws, which can only prevent the government from interfering. Those rights are determined by international, not by municipal law. Why should we disclaim for our nation rights which all other nations claim and enjoy? Great Britain has commanded the respect of the world mainly because she has held British citizenship to be sacred, and has maintained it every where and at all costs. Entering into the details of the bill, he insisted that it gave the foreign wives of American citizens a double nationality, from which countless mischiefs may arise. He insisted that the bill disturbed and confused many settled principles of citizenship by raising the vexed question of domicile and residence. He objected also to the disowning of citizens who enter a foreign service, as in the case of Mr. BURLINGAME in China, and of others in Japan; and especially he opposed the disfranchising a citizen for long residence abroad. In law residence implies intent to remain; and the American citizen abroad for a long time is disfranchised by the bill unless he registers. His country seems in haste to disown him. Moreover, the discrimination against naturalized citizens is intolerable, because in the eye of the law when once naturalized the nativity of the citizen disappears.

Yet the abuse of the right of citizenship remains, and is undeniable. The question how it shall be remedied is legitimate, as the President insists. And if the discussion should lead to a careful revision of the naturalization laws, so that a boon so great and of such vital importance to the welfare of the country as that of citizenship shall not be lightly acquired nor contemptuously disregarded and abused, all good citizens will rejoice.

PREJUDICE AND EQUAL RIGHTS.

THE question of equal civil rights, like that which it succeeds, slavery, will insist upon debate until it is settled. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that it is perhaps the gravest subject before Congress. Certainly it is one which should be fully understood by the country. The present bill embraces the substance of that which was offered by Mr. SUMNER, and upon which he made the last of his great speeches upon the subject with which his name will be always most gratefully associated. It is acceptable to the citizens who are most interested, and it is to be considered in its object and in its method. Its object is to establish equality among American citizens by abolishing laws that stigmatize a certain class, and by affording a sure legal remedy against the violation of laws that establish equality. As long as prejudice against a certain class is fortified by law, the equality guaranteed by the United States is an idle pretense. Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN well said, on introducing and explaining the bill, "If we did not intend to make the colored race full citizens, if we purpose to place them under the ban of any legalized disability or inferiority, and there to hold them, we should have left them slaves." The bill touches no law in regard to inns, theatres, schools, cemeteries, supported in whole or in part by general taxation, except to abrogate all discrimination on account of race, or color, or previous servitude. Innholders, for instance, hold a public license, and the law makes certain requirements of them. This bill adds to them that there shall be no such discrimination. Its purpose is simply the equality of citizens before the law. The common argument that it aims to establish social equality is of the same value as that conclusive appeal against human liberty which was so familiar in the old days of slavery—"How would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" That powerful argument was properly dealt with by Mr. LINCOLN when Mr. DOUGLAS unwarily ventured upon it in the famous oratorical contest in which the rail-splitter pulverized the Little Giant.

Next as to its methods. The act provides that the United States courts shall have cognizance of violations of the law, and this is opposed as an overthrow of legitimate State authority. Now the Thirteenth Amendment secures freedom, the Fifteenth secures the suffrage, and the Fourteenth declares, "Nor shall any State deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." But the Fourteenth Amendment goes beyond the old Constitution, as Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN says, in making United States citizenship primary, and State citizenship derivative. The citizen of the United States comes under the protection of the national government for his fundamental rights. Now how are the United States to protect the privileges of their citizens in the States? They can not compel the States to pass laws and furnish protection; they can only deal with the offenders who violate those rights. In certain States equal protection under the law is now denied to citizens of the United States, as in the classification by color in the common schools; and the bill gives original action in the national courts against offenses under the law which the amendment has forbidden.

We observe that the State Superintendent of Public Instruction in Tennessee thinks that the passage of the bill by "mixing" the schools would close them, and put an end to public education. The school levies would cease, and the colored people would find that while in law they could enter any public school whatever, there would be no schools to enter. This is an admission that the public-school system of Tennessee is based upon a total disregard of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. And how soon does the superin-

tendent suppose that the equality guaranteed by the nation would be established if its deliberate outrage by the laws or practices of the States is permitted? If there may be separate schools and inns and theatres and conveyances and cemeteries for one class of American citizens, if they are to be stigmatized and separated like lepers in other lands, if at every point they are to be told that they are inferior and degraded and unworthy, why were they made citizens? why did we not leave them to be sold like sheep and swine? There are many persons who have "an antipathy," a "natural prejudice," against all foreigners: against the Irish, the Germans, the French, the English. What if the State of New York should establish separate schools for the Germans, and refuse to establish any for the Irish; what if the Germans should be turned away from the hotels they sought, and the Irish from the theatres in which they wished to find amusement, should they have no remedy under the authority which has guaranteed their equal rights? And shall any other class of citizens be deprived of the same protection against the same offense? "It punishes," says Senator CONKLING, speaking of the bill, "only the man who indulges in assault, in opprobrium, in injury, of his fellowman, merely because he cherishes a lawless prejudice, merely because he carries in his heart a base and paltry hate insulting to the spirit and civilization of the age—a hate which has been trampled out on this continent in blood, and it is to be hoped forever." We wish Mr. SUMNER could have heard Mr. CONKLING say those words.

CONGRESS AND THE CENTENARY.

THE question of the Centennial celebration has been fully discussed in Congress, and it is evident that Congress does not think it wise, still less a duty, to aid it with the public money. The appeal in favor of the appropriation was most eloquently and ably made by General HAWLEY, of Connecticut. He spoke with the most fervent sincerity, but he spoke in vain. We sympathize cordially with his feeling; we agree that the greatness of the event demands a great commemoration; we concede that the occasion is in the highest sense national, and should be nationally commemorated. More than that, we believe that it will be so commemorated, and that to that end a draft upon the national Treasury is not needed. Care for the public money is, indeed, always liable to be derided as a sordid regard for the dollar. But the very evil of the times is the plea of generosity as a cover for extravagance and corruption. This is the thing farthest possible from the mind of a man like General HAWLEY. But if, upon such arguments as have been urged, and at this moment, Congress should take three millions of dollars from the Treasury to pay for a pageant for which the people are conspicuously unwilling to pay, we doubt if it could do any thing more unjustifiable.

The question with the people, as General HAWLEY truly says, is always not so much what the taxes are as whether the money is expended for honorable and necessary purposes. But how can Congress ever more accurately measure the public interest in a subject than in the case of this Centennial exhibition, where the appeal has been openly made to the country and has failed? Will General HAWLEY, or Mr. KELLEY, or any gentleman who is deeply interested, say that individual citizens have not subscribed because they expect Congress to make an appropriation? Where is the least sign of that expectation? Where in the press, in public meetings, in petitions, in the private experience of any reader of these lines, is there the slightest indication of a wish that Congress should give an immense sum of the public money to sustain an international exhibition in celebration of the national Centenary?

Nor do other arguments seem to us more conclusive. Much stress has been laid upon the invitations to other governments. How can we recede? General HAWLEY said if the appropriation were refused that he should take a sardonic pleasure in watching the Secretary of State writing to foreign potentates that the Yankee Congress had backed out, and no longer requested the pleasure of their company. But the fear of impressions upon foreigners is not a shrewd argument, and if it be a reason for giving three millions of dollars, it is a conclusive plea for granting just as much money as may be necessary to secure success. The argument as presented by the friends of the Centennial project seems to be that the country is committed in the eyes of the world to this international celebration, and that if it fails our Centenary becomes the jest of the age. If this be true, they are justified in demanding the money, and in requiring an open and limitless credit at the Treasury. But they are mistaken. If the world has misapprehended, it is due to the urgent friends of the exhibition, and not to Congress, which speaks for the country. Congress has authorized a celebration, but it has certainly in no sense whatever adopted it. And had the proposition now virtually made been made at first, namely, that the government of the United States should undertake a world's fair on the Fourth of July, 1876, it would have been hooted out of the Capitol. Indeed, the very project that should be opposed is a government celebration. They manage those things better in France. We do not understand them, as Mr. GARFIELD truly said. Nor must it be alleged that the government is asked merely to assist a private undertaking. For if it may assist a private celebration of that day in Philadelphia, why not at Podunk?

Most gladly, with General HAWLEY, would we see on that great day an adequate and imposing display of the triumphs of that inventive genius which has made the New World to blossom with civilization. Most willingly would we sit at an industrial love-feast of representatives from every part of the land. But we would not do it if it were not the spontaneous movement of the people. We would not do it if they had been asked and looked listlessly at the questioner. We would not do it if it could be accomplished only by a fiery appeal to a reluctant Congress to pay the expense with the public money. If, indeed, the international exhibition requires the aid of Congress, let it be abandoned in view of the plain feeling of the country; and let Philadelphia, sure that it must be the central point of interest on that day, go forward with such arrangements and such further appeals to the country as the changed aspect of the affair may suggest.

THE SANBORN REPORT.

THE report upon the SANBORN contracts is concise and trenchant. The great point of actual responsibility the committee are unable to determine upon the evidence before them, but they speak very plainly of the Secretary, Assistant Secretary, and Solicitor of the Treasury Department. "They can not, in justice to themselves, ignore the fact that these three persons deserve severe condemnation for the manner in which they have permitted this law to be administered." But they find nothing which proves corrupt motives against them. The committee recommend the repeal of the act and the annulling of all the contracts. The report shows no disposition to shield the Secretary and his assistants under any party consideration—a fact which the country will duly observe. Indeed, few Congresses have been so free from mere party motives as this. And it is a very significant fact that the chief committee of a Republican House censures so severely a Republican head of the Treasury.

We presume, of course, that the Secretary will retire, and we are sincerely sorry that he should have been ill at such a time. No one, we are sure, whose opinion he should regard believes him to have been more blameworthy than the committee declare. The post he has filled, always very difficult, is doubly so when the whole financial system of the country is disturbed. At such a time faithful and zealous routine is not enough, and unless the Secretary is a master his office is a bed of torture. We fear that the present Secretary has proved the truth of what we say. His remaining in office would be simply impossible if the House should adopt the report of the committee.

A RETROSPECT.

WE have already expressed our sympathy with the honest citizens of South Carolina who suffer under an ignorant and in many respects a corrupt government, and we would gladly have seen a committee appointed by Congress which should tell the truth of the situation of the State as an appeal to public opinion. But the minority report of Mr. ELDREDGE, a Democrat, advising the appointment of such a committee suggests a curious retrospect. "The cry of that outraged and helpless and suffering people," he says, "has reached our hearts as well as our understanding......A horde of thieves and robbers have her [the State] by the throat, and are fast sucking her life-blood. Three hundred thousand of her citizens......are crying to Congress for redress and help. They have suffered all that humanity can endure; they have exhausted every resource, and are utterly helpless of themselves. To refuse their request is to drive them to despair and ruin." This he says of those who suffer from misgovernment.

But when the honorable gentleman's party was in power in the Capitol and in the country, and when four hundred thousand people of that same State were not misgoverned in the political sense, but deprived of every human right, and scourged and sold for trying to help themselves, the member of Congress who told their story and pleaded for relief was in danger of his life. And what is the real robbery that has taken South Carolina by the throat, and sucked her life-blood? It is that crime against human nature, the sum of all villainies, which Mr. ELDREDGE'S party justified and sustained and defended. Under these circumstances, Mr. ELDREDGE could well have spared the wretched party gibe in his report that if the three hundred thousand sufferers in South Carolina were colored instead of white, a Republican Congress would be sure to find some method of relief. If South Carolina were forced to wait for better days until the party and opinions of Mr. ELDREDGE returned to power, her fate would be indeed hopeless.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

IF any one wants to know all about California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands, either from motives of curiosity or because he intends to travel or reside in any of those regions, he should read Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF'S valuable and interesting works relating to the Pacific side of the North American continent and its island neighbors. With the first of these books, entitled *California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence*, published about a year ago by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, the reading public is well acquainted. The exceptional favor with which it was received induced the author to prepare a second volume on the Pacific regions, embodying the results of his travels and observations in the northern part of California, in Oregon, and in the Sandwich Islands. Strange as it may seem, when we consider the vast and important interests that connect the eastern with the western side of our continent, Mr. NORDHOFF found his labors almost equal to those of an original explorer. There was almost as little accurate information about Oregon and California as there was about Africa previous to the explorations of BAKER, LIVINGSTONE, DU CHAILLU, and SCHWEINFURTH; and it may be said without exaggeration that the only important advantage he possessed over the intrepid men who penetrated the wilds of Africa was that he found established and convenient lines of travel and communication. Little was popularly known of the regions traversed every year by hundreds and thousands of people seeking a residence or bent on pleasure or business; and Mr. NORDHOFF'S volumes are the first to afford the information with regard to climate, scenery, facilities of travel, natural resources, and industries which would enable the tourist and the emigrant to form an intelligent and accurate opinion of those regions.

The present volume (*Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands*), like the first, is from the press of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. As the title indicates, it takes the reader through the Sandwich Islands, Northern California, and Oregon, and also through Washington Territory, to Victoria, in Vancouver's Island. The author's narrative and descriptions, written in a vigorous, lucid, and at the same time picturesque style, are supplemented by many spirited illustrations of scenery and character in the best manner of wood-engraving. The two works, forming companion volumes, contain every thing one needs to know respecting the regions through which the author traveled. Though especially intended as guides to tourists and settlers, and admirably adapted to this purpose, they will form a welcome addition to the library of "fireside travelers," who become acquainted with strange countries through books alone.

One of the most important and interesting among late contributions to the literature of natural history is *The History of North American Birds*, by S. F. BAIRD, T. M. BREWER, and R. RIDGWAY, published in three volumes, by Messrs. LITTLE, BROWN, & Co., Boston. The object of this work is to give a concise and clear account of what is known of the birds of America north of the boundary line of Mexico, including Greenland and Alaska. The volumes are large, but not inconveniently so, printed in clear type on heavy paper, and are embellished with sixty-four plates and nearly six hundred wood-engravings. The descriptions are remarkable for conciseness and clearness, qualities that render the work invaluable alike to the general reader and the student of ornithology. A strictly scientific work, aiming at thoroughness and accuracy, it contains none of the sentiment and amplified description that make MICHELET'S book a favorite with lovers of the bird creation, but there is no other work in the English language to which the reader can turn with equal certainty of finding full and exact information respecting the birds of America. The outline diagrams illustrating the physical structure of the different species and varieties are especially worthy of attention. The three volumes already before the public treat of land birds only; that portion of the work which relates to water birds is in preparation, and will be published before long.

Dr. ALBERT G. MACKEY'S *Encyclopedia of Freemasonry and its kindred Sciences*, published by Messrs. MOSS & Co., Philadelphia, will be welcomed by Masonic students as the most valuable contribution to the archæology, history, and science of the fraternity which has appeared either in the United States or England. The work is the result of many years of patient research, investigation, and thoughtful study. It embraces articles on the ritualism, jurisprudence, bibliography, biography, history, literature, philosophy, ethics, and symbolism of the order; a definition of all its technical terms; an account of all its rites; a history of the rise and progress of Masonry in all countries; descriptions of the ancient mysteries, the secret societies of the Middle Ages; and other subjects interesting to the Masonic student. The volume is a large octavo of 960 pages, printed in clear type, and contains more than 4000 articles, many of them illustrated by wood-cuts.

One of the most interesting chapters in Dr. SCHWEINFURTH'S forth-coming volume, *The Heart of Africa*, to be published in a few days by Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, is that in which he gives an account of the Pygmies, a tribe of diminutive negroes supposed to be descendants of a race mentioned by HERODOTUS. Their existence was until within a few years supposed to be apocryphal; but recent explorers in Africa came upon traces of them, and DU CHAILLU in 1863 succeeded in reaching their country from the westward, and gave to the world the first authentic account of their appearance, characteristics, and ways of life. Dr. SCHWEINFURTH, who approached their country from the east, was not so fortunate. The caravan with which he was journeying turned back when within a few days' march of the land of the dwarfs, and the disappointed explorer was compelled to return with it. He was, however, fortunate enough to fall in with several specimens of the tribe, held as captives, and succeeded in inducing one of them to go back with him as a servant. Dr. SCHWEINFURTH also obtained minute and interesting information respecting their country and habits, and his account is illustrated with portraits of the specimens he met with. His descriptions corroborate the account of this curious little people given by DU CHAILLU in a book which young readers must be well acquainted with, *The Country of the Dwarfs*.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS have just issued a *Descriptive List of their Publications*, with trade-list prices, which will be of great value and interest to book-buyers. It contains 283 octavo pages, and is furnished with a carefully prepared classified index, in which every book is entered under the name of the author, its title, and the department of literature to which it belongs. The directors of school and public libraries, as well as private purchasers, will find this catalogue of great assistance in the selection of books.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE report of the House committee of investigation on the Sanborn contracts was made on the 4th inst. It is the opinion of the committee that a very large percentage, if not all, of the $437,000 of taxes collected by Sanborn was not a proper subject of contract under the law, and these taxes should and would have been collected by the Internal Revenue Bureau in the ordinary discharge of its duty. The testimony as to who was responsible is so contradictory that the committee could not decide that point, but they felt bound to severely condemn the three officials directly charged with administering the law. But while these officials are thus severely criticised, there is nothing impeaching the integrity of Secretary Boutwell's or Richardson's action, and the testimony does not prove that the Secretaries or any of their associates were influenced by corrupt motives. The report concludes with the recommendation that the law be repealed, and all contracts under it annulled. Several financial bills were presented in the House on the 4th. Mr. Dawes proposed the issue of a thirty-year four and a half per cent. gold bond, exchangeable for greenbacks, and free banking; Mr. Butler (through Mr. Hooper) a bill to provide for free banking and the security of depositors, hinder usury, give elasticity to currency, preserve its value to the people, and to prevent financial panics by the locking up of currency. This bill directs the retirement of $26,000,000 of greenback reserves issued, but for the keeping of this reserve for future financial emergencies; also that no national bank shall receive a greater rate of interest than seven and three-tenths per cent. The national bank currency is to be retired from the East until the amount held is reduced to ten dollars per capita for the population, and that is the proposed standard of circulation hereafter. A struggle arose in connection with the retirement of $25,000,000 of banking capital from the East, and its distribution in the West. A resolution offered by Mr. Southard, of Ohio, directing the Banking and Currency Committee to consider the matter and report upon the bill was passed. Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, then attempted to put through under a suspension of rules his bill for the redistribution of $25,000,000 of bank currency. This bill would give the Comptroller of the Currency immediate authority to call in currency from the States having an excess under the law of 1870, and issue new currency to the West, without waiting for absorption of all the $54,000,000 then issued. The Western members suspecting from its source that it was a scheme to choke off free banking, Mr. Hubbell, of Michigan, moved an adjournment, which was carried.—In the Senate, on the 6th, Mr. Sherman reported back the House Currency Bill, with an amendment in the nature of a substitute. Its leading features are free banking, redemption of United States notes in five per cent. gold bonds, and retirement of fifty per cent. of greenbacks upon the issue of national bank currency.—The Senate, on the 7th, passed the bill appropriating $100,000 for the relief of sufferers by the overflow of the Mississippi River.

The Erie Canal was re-opened to navigation on the 5th inst. Thirty boats cleared at the collector's office during the day.

Governor Ingersoll of Connecticut was inaugurated on the 6th inst.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN the British House of Lords, on the 4th inst., Earl Russell asked what the course of the British government would be in the event of another war between France and Germany. Lord Derby in reply said he believed that the peace of the immediate future was safe, and he trusted in the influence of time. England, he said, would do every thing to maintain peace short of embroiling herself in a struggle in which she is not nationally interested. She would regard obsolete treaties as open questions, and faithfully adhere to her engagements of late years.

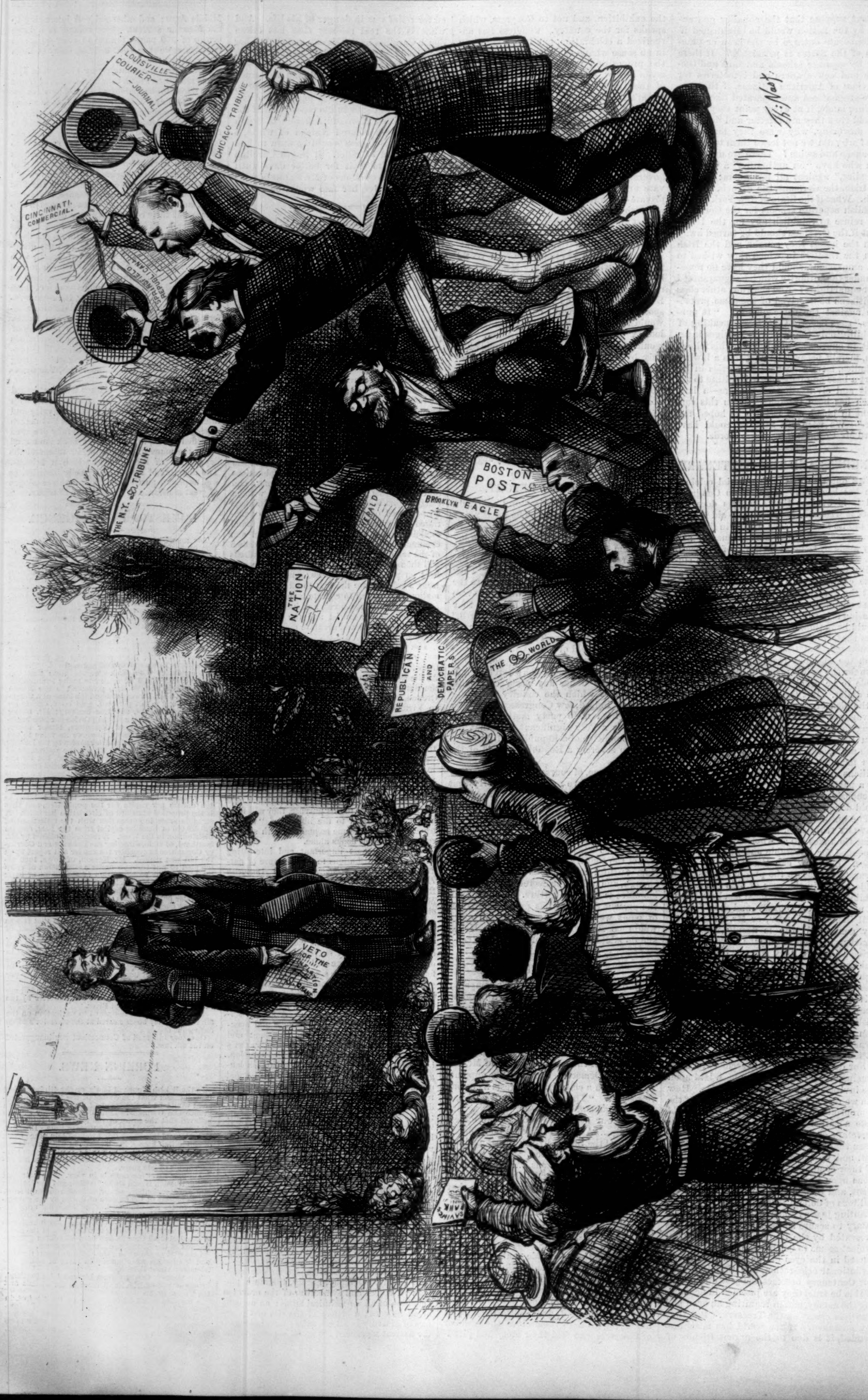
Another royal marriage is in view. The betrothal of the Russian Grand Duke Vladimir and the Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg was promulgated on the 4th inst.

The reports of the capture of Bilboa by the government forces are confirmed. The besieging army entered the city on the 2d inst., the insurgents retreating in great disorder toward Guipuzcoa. The inhabitants were without bread during the last week of the siege. General Manuel Concha has been appointed general-in-chief of the Republican army of the north.

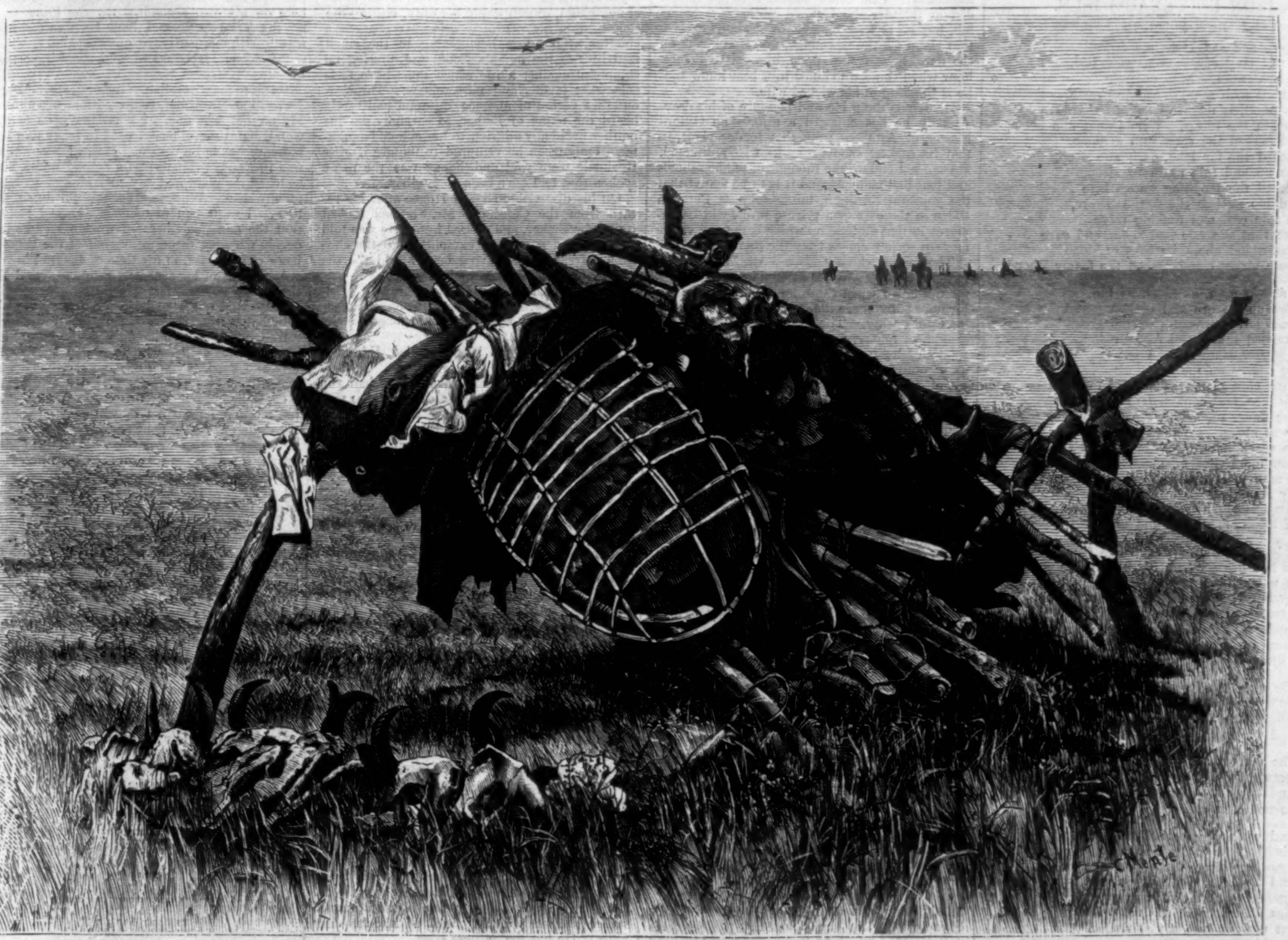
Late advices from the Feejee Islands report the king and the people unanimously in favor of ceding the islands to Great Britain.

The steamer *Caspian*, from Liverpool for Portland, brings out 350 agricultural laborers for Canada and the United States.

A meeting was held in London on the 6th inst. in favor of disestablishing the English Church. Professor Goldwin Smith presided. In his address he advocated the application of the church endowments to the relief of the poor and the promotion of education.



PUBLIC OPINION—APRIL 22, 1874.



AN INDIAN GRAVE ON THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 442.]

ANTELOPE HUNTING IN THE WEST.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.—[See Page 442.]

ON ROUSSEAU'S ISLE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

ALONE and sad I sat me down
To rest on Rousseau's narrow Isle,
Below Geneva. Mile on mile,
And set with many a shining town,
Tow'rd Dent du Midi danced the wave
Beneath the moon. Winds went and came,
And fanned the stars into a flame.
I heard the far lake, dark and deep,
Rise up and talk as in its sleep.
I heard the laughing waters lave
And lap against the farther shore,
An idle oar, and nothing more
Save that the Isle had voice, and save
That round about its base of stone
There plashed and flashed the foamy Rhone.

A stately man, as black as tan,
Kept up a stern and broken round
Among the strangers on the ground.
I named that awful African
A second Hannibal. I gat
My elbows on the table, sat
With chin in upturned palm to scan
His face, and contemplate the scene.
The moon rode by a crownéd queen.
I was alone. Lo! not a man
To speak my mother-tongue. Ah me!
How more than all alone can be
A man in crowds! Across the Isle
My Hannibal strode on. The while
Diminished Rousseau sat his throne
Of books, unnoticed and unknown.

This strange strong man with face austere
At last drew near. He bowed; he spake
In unknown tongues. I could but shake
My head. Then, half a-chill with fear,
I rose, and sought another place.
Again I mused. The kings of thought
Came by, and on that storied spot
I lifted up a tearful face.

The star-set Alps they sang a rune
Unheard by any soul but mine.
Mont Blanc, as lone and as divine
And white, seemed mated to the moon.

The past was mine, strong-voiced and vast:
Stern Calvin, strange Voltaire, and Tell,
And two whose names are known too well
To name, in grand procession passed.

And yet again came Hannibal,
King-like he came, and drawing near,
I saw his brow was now severe
And resolute. In tongues unknown
Again he spake. I was alone,
Was all unarmed, was worn and sad;
But now, at last, my spirit had
Its old assertion. I arose,
As startled from a dull repose.
With gathered strength I raised a hand,
And cried, "I do not understand."

His black face brightened as I spake;
He bowed; he wagged his woolly head;
He showed his shining teeth, and said,
"Sar, if you please, dose tables here
Are consecrate to lager-beer;
And, Sar, what will you have to take?"

Not that I loved that colored cuss—
Nay! he had awed me all too much—
But I sprang forth, and with a clutch
I grasped his hand, and holding thus,
Cried, "Bring my country's drink for two!"
For oh! that speech of Saxon sound
To me was as a fountain found
In wastes, and thrilled me through and through.

On Rousseau's Isle, in Rousseau's shade,
Two pink and spicy drinks were made;
In classic shade, on classic ground,
We stirred two cocktails round and round.

GENEVA, 1873.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER LXIX.

FIVE YEARS LATER.

FIVE years are gone since Edmund Standen and his mother wintered in Florence, and Sir Aubrey still reigns at Perriam, no longer the helpless, paralytic old man who could only creep about between the sustaining arms of nurse and valet, but a hale old gentleman who rides a quiet cob, *vice* the spirited Splinter, round the home-farm three or four days a week, while his chubby six-year-old son accompanies him on a fat Exmoor pony.

This wonderful restoration is more or less Shadrach Bain's achievement. It was Mr. Bain who heard of the mud-baths in Germany; Mr. Bain who accompanied Sir Aubrey to the place of those baths; Mr. Bain who was the moving spirit of Sir Aubrey's cure. German physicians, German mud, and German water were but secondary agents. Mr. Bain's energy was the motive power that set the machinery going.

Some trace of the old weakness on the left side still remains, but, despite of this, in mind and body the baronet has become a new man. It is just possible that his delight in watching his son's growth from infancy to childhood, his deep pride in the thought that a son of his will inherit Perriam, and maintain the good old Tory traditions of the place, may have helped the German doctors to work their cure.

Perhaps Sir Aubrey Perriam, in this Indian summer of his age, enjoys as near an approach to perfect happiness as Heaven ever grants to humanity. One bitter memory hangs like a distant thunder-cloud above the horizon of his life, but he is wise enough to shut his eyes to that cloud for the most part, and it is not often the dark hour comes upon him—that gloomy hour when those who know him best know that he is thinking of his wicked wife.

His boy is the pride and pleasure of his days. Already he has engaged a tutor—an Oxford Master of Arts—to train that tender plant, so that its earliest shoots may be wisely directed. He can not endure the thought of public schools and foot-ball matches, and it is to be feared that the youthful St. John, brought up at Perriam Place in the care of a private tutor, will be deficient in that athleticism which is the one virtue modern society copies from the Spartans.

The father watches his boy with almost maternal tenderness, and is miserable on those winter mornings when St. John trots away on his Exmoor pony to see the hounds throw off, under his tutor's wing. The tutor is anxious the boy should be manly, and the father approves the tutor's desire, yet would fain guard his treasure as carefully as a miser cherishes an unset diamond, a gem of liquid light, which may slip through his fingers unawares while he gloats over his treasure.

The county has never quite understood how the brother who was supposed to be dead has come to life again.

It is one of those dark pages of family history which must forever remain mysterious. But the county has not the slightest doubt as to the one fact that this is the real Sir Aubrey. Happily the baronet has grown almost his old self since the renovating process of the German baths. He dresses as carefully as of old, and but for an elderly stoop in the shoulders, looks almost as young a man as the Sir Aubrey who honored Hedingham school feast with his illustrious presence seven years ago.

Mr. Bain basks in the sunlight of his master's favor, and grows more prosperous every year, always winding his way deeper and wider into the soil of Monkhampton, till half the houses in that prosperous town own Shadrach Bain as ground landlord. His elder daughters have married well; his sons are an honor to him—Dawker serves his father with zeal that knows not weariness, and the younger grammar-school boys bring home handsomely bound volumes as prizes—such novelties in literature as the poetic works of Milton, Cowper, and Thompson—to adorn the rose-wood loo table in the family drawing-room.

Altogether Mr. Bain is a man who seems to have profited more than his fellows by the blindness of fortune. Yet, sometimes, even in the midst of his prosperity, he thinks with a regretful sigh of that lordly pleasure-house which he once built for his soul—that airy edifice of his day-dreams—which he had hoped to see realized in substantial brick and mortar. He remembers how near he had seemed to victory, and how utterly he failed; how his wisdom had been but foolishness beside a woman's cunning.

"Things turned out well for me, however, after all," he reflects, after that survey of the one failure that has disfigured his successful life—a failure only known to himself and the dead. "I am in a better position than I ever was in before with Sir Aubrey. My income increases every year. I don't see how any man can ask more than that from Providence. And if I cared to buy myself an estate, and call myself Squire, I'm rich enough to do it."

CHAPTER LXX.

THE PURPLE LIGHT OF LOVE.

WHILE poor Sir Aubrey Perriam's existence drifts by in a repose almost as tranquil as that of the lotus-eaters on their sun-lit isle, life has serious duties and responsibilities for Mr. Standen, Conservative member for Monkhampton, a rising young politician of the new school.

Edmund Standen has not returned to the bank. At his mother's request he has abandoned that commercial career which served to occupy a mind too active to endure idleness. He has found another and a higher vocation in the House of Commons, where he comes out sharply upon financial questions, and perplexes honorable gentlemen whose weak side is arithmetic by searching questions and rapid calculations. He is great on taxation, and is ever ready to assert the wrongs of those shorn lambs of the legislature, those helpless sufferers from the burden of the income tax, whose greatest misfortune is to have half a million or so amenable to assessment.

Mr. Standen has a small house in one of the nice old-fashioned streets near Berkeley Square, where his wife is at home every Thursday evening to some of the pleasantest and cleverest people in London, and where Mr. Standen and two or three chosen friends sometimes seek relief, after a dull evening at the House, at a bright little supper-table in the cozy dining-room, and discuss the blunders and general idiocy of friends and foes over a lobster-salad and a bottle of Madeira.

Yes, Edmund is happy. That union of which Mrs. Standen dreamed years ago, when her son was a school-boy, has come to pass after all, and Edmund is as completely devoted to his true wife Esther as if the fatal attachment which overshadowed his youth were no more than the memory of a dream. Two years of foreign travel, and much hard study in the tranquil pauses of his wanderings, served to lay the ghost of that buried love. He came back to England heart free, and brought with him a treatise on finance which has won him some renown as a political economist, and helped him to acquire a position in the House of Commons.

During those two years of exile Edmund and Esther never met. Miss Rochdale remained at Dean House, the ruling spirit of order in that model household, quietly doing her duty, visiting the sick, feeding the poor, educating Mrs. Sargent's children, who adore her, joining in the small festivities of the neighborhood, and uttering no complaint against a life which must have been somewhat joyless and monotonous. Throughout that period of absence Edmund had rarely heard the name of Esther, so carefully did his mother avoid any allusion to her adopted daughter. Only when he ventured to inquire if Miss Rochdale were well and happy was the name spoken that had once been so familiar.

On his first visit to Dean House after his return from the Continent Mr. Standen looked round for Esther, and missed her. He was told that she had gone to Wexmouth with the children, Mrs. Sargent having been afraid the sea air would be too strong for her.

"The sea always gives me my nervous headache, you know, Edmund," said Ellen, apologetically. "So dear Essie was kind enough to take the children."

"She was always kind," replied Edmund, moodily.

It vexed him to think that Esther had run away in order to avoid meeting him. That visit to Wexmouth could only have been a pretext. One week in September would do as well as another for the children's sea-side trip—and why choose the week of his return, unless she really wished to avoid him?

"Have I made myself so detestable to her that she can not endure the sight of me, even after all I have suffered?" thought Mr. Standen. "She used to be so full of pity, especially for wrong-doers."

There was one question which he wanted to ask Esther—a question that had been in his mind, more or less, ever since his illness at Marseilles—a question which he could only ask when they two were face to face.

The thought of this question worried him a good deal during the first day or two at Dean House. It took such a hold upon his mind that after three days of that tranquil home life—after having admired all Miss Rochdale's small improvements in poultry-yard, dairy and green houses, the new fernery at the end of the shrubbery, and a dozen other evidences of taste and industry which testified to the care of the gentle home goddess—Edmund's patience could endure no longer, and he startled his mother on the fourth morning by announcing that he was going to Wexmouth to see Esther and the children.

"Those scraps of humanity must have grown out of all knowledge in the last two years," he said, artfully insinuating thereby that his chief anxiety was to see his small nephew and nieces.

"Georgie is growing a fine boy, Edmund," said his sister, proudly, "and so like his dear papa. He has the Sargent nose."

"A fine prominent beak. Looks as if it was made on purpose for a barrister's wig," replied Mr. Standen, irreverently.

He was off to Wexmouth by a little branch line from Monkhampton before noon, and arrived at that tranquil and retired watering-place at one o'clock. Wexmouth is not extensive, and instead of going to Miss Rochdale's lodgings on Light-house Hill, Edmund strolled along the beach, taking his chance of finding her among the idlers who were scattered in groups here and there upon the strip of alternate sand and shingle between the blue water and the sea-wall. The tide was out, and the juvenile patrons of Wexmouth were having a good time with their pails and spades.

No one would stay in-doors on such a day as this, Edmund thought—the sky one cloudless blue, the sea a sun-lit lake. He went on to the utmost limits of Wexmouth, feeling very sure that he should find Esther by-and-by.

Yes, there she was. A lonely little figure seated in the shadow of an old fishing boat, reading. He knew her ever so far away. The small graceful form; the pure white dress; the dark soft hair under the little sailor hat: the Esther of old times, the Esther he had once so narrowly escaped loving with all his heart. Too late to love her now: gentle and unselfish as she was, he could hardly ask her to accept a love which would seem at best remorse. The children were paddling and splashing, and making themselves gritty at the edge of the water, some distance from Esther. Instead of rushing straight to these small people to see if they had verily grown out of knowledge, and if Georgie really had the Sargent nose, this traitorous uncle never so much as looked at those amphibious revelers, but walked on to the boat, and quietly seated himself about half a yard from Esther. She did not even look up from her book. The shelter of the boat was public property. Yet it was uncomfortable to have a stranger seated so near her, and in a few minutes Esther rose to join the children, whose sports were becoming more and more watery.

A hand gently detained her. The stranger had risen too, and had laid his hand upon her arm.

"Esther, why are you so determined to run away from me?" he asked, quietly. She turned and confronted her false lover, very pale.

There was no anger in the sweet face, only a look of shocked surprise.

"Sit down again, Esther, and let us talk quietly for a few minutes. Friend—sister—will you refuse me so small a favor?"

That appeal touched her. She obeyed him without a word, and they seated themselves side by side under the shadow of the boat.

Edmund was slow to speak—so slow that the silence became a little awkward, and Esther felt herself obliged to say something.

"What brought you to Wexmouth, Edmund?" she asked, carelessly. "I hope Ellen isn't anxious about the children."

"Ellen knows the children are safer in your keeping than in hers, Essie." The old pet name fluttered that steadfast heart a little. "I came here on my own account. Do you know that for the last two years I have been tormenting myself with one particular question?"

"Indeed! It ought to be a very important question."

"It is to me a question of life or death. When I was ill at Marseilles, Esther, I had two nurses. My mother was one. I knew her even at the worst. But the other—I used to fancy that her presence was but a dream. It was not a dream, was it, Essie? There was a second nurse, who watched me night and day, and wept many tears for my sake. Who was that faithful nurse, Esther? I want you to tell me. Dare I believe that the one noble-hearted woman I had most deeply wronged came to me, out of the benevolence of her heart, in my time of danger?"

"Not out of benevolence, Edmund," said Esther.

"It could not have been for love of me she came. Oh, Esther!" cried Edmund Standen, seizing the girl's two hands, drawing her toward him, looking at her with eyes that shone with love and hope, "if you can but say that it was, you will make me happier than I ever dreamed I could be. Love, my love, truly loved at last, tell me that I have not outworn your patience, not quite exhausted your regard."

Tears were his only answer. An all-sufficient answer it would seem, for in the silver moonlight of that September evening two happy lovers walked upon Wexmouth's shingly shore and talked of the future.

The future came, and did not belie their hopes. When autumn's first glory gilds the woods, sober old Dean House wakes up to a new life with the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Standen, their babies and nurses, their friends and followers. The old monotony of that orderly household is pleasantly broken, and the dowager Mrs. Standen finds life full of new interests. She is proud of her son's success as a public man, and among the choicest treasures in her sandal-wood desk cherishes the report of his speeches, which Esther has cut out of the *Times* to send to "grandmamma."

Ellen Sargent looks on placidly at her brother's happiness while Georgie and the two girls pet and patronize their baby cousins, and only murmurs now and then, with a gentle sigh, "What an interest poor dear George would have felt in Edmund's Parliamentary career!"

Thus the peaceful domestic life flows on—happy and not unuseful—not that empty, unprofitable life which Goethe has called worse than an early death.

THE END.

PERSONAL.

THE Pittsburg journals contain notices of the funeral of ALEXANDER P. CALLOW, late Mayor of Alleghany City, and one of the most estimable men of that place. Mr. CALLOW was a printer, and some years ago was employed in the press-room of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS. Afterward he entered the army as a common soldier during the rebellion, and was severely wounded. The papers speak of the funeral as the largest and most impressive demonstration ever witnessed in Alleghany City. Business was generally suspended. The public authorities, a number of civic societies, and large bodies of the military were present to testify their respect for the memory of the deceased.

—The late Elder JACOB KNAPP saved money enough during his life to leave $5000 to Madison University, $5000 to the Missionary Union, and $5000 to the Home Missionary Society.

—Mr. JOHN ROACH was honored at DELMONICO's on the evening of the 30th ult. by the presentation of a superb service of silver plate and a banquet. The culinary excellence of the latter and the intellectual brilliancy which followed have seldom been surpassed in New York. Within five or six years Mr. ROACH has launched from his extensive works at Chester, on the Delaware, seventeen iron steamers, the last, the *City of Peking*, being, with the exception of the *Great Eastern*, the largest iron steamer ever built; and a more stanch and beautiful vessel never floated. To Mr. ROACH more than to any other man in the United States are we indebted for the successful revival of this branch of industry, and the service and banquet given to him by his brother ship-builders, engine-builders, and merchants were a deserved and honorable recognition of his skill, courage, and persistence.

—Mr. DAWES, in his eulogy on Mr. SUMNER, in the House of Representatives, related this historical incident. When Mr. SUMNER entered the Senate, made illustrious by the giants of that day, Senator BENTON said to him: "You have come upon the stage too late, Sir; all our great men have passed away. Mr. CALHOUN and Mr. CLAY and Mr. WEBSTER are gone. Not only have the great men passed away, but the great issues too, raised from our form of government, and of deepest interest to its founders and their immediate descendants, have been settled also. The last of these was the national bank, and that has been overthrown forever. Nothing is left you, Sir, but puny sectional questions and petty strifes about slavery and fugitive slave laws, involving no national interests." Colonel BENTON was deemed a man of mark in his day, and a power in the Senate. He was a very temperate man and a very profane man. He wrote ten volumes of a *History of the Working of the American Government for Thirty Years*—1820 to 1850—of which 65,000 copies were sold. Yet as a Senator he never accomplished so much as Mr. SUMNER, and will occupy a less conspicuous place in history.

—The American citizen will have his joke, and he is given to seeking for subjects for illustration. One of the latest is in reference to a famous race of people called the WASHBURNS, of whom it is said: If E. B. WASHBURNE's ambition to become President of the United States in 1876 is gratified, will he have enough of his own ilk with which to construct a cabinet? He might appoint his ministry thus: Secretary of State, W. B. WASHBURN, of Massachusetts; Secretary of the Navy, CHARLES A. WASHBURN, of Paraguay and California; Secretary of the Treas-

ury, C. C. Washburn, the Wisconsin economist and Grangers' friend; Attorney-General, Israel Washburn, of Minnesota; Postmaster-General, Ichabod Washburn, of Maine. And is there another, now, for Secretary of War? Certainly. Elmer Washburn, ex-Chief of Police of Chicago, is the very man for a war minister. He could stop a war any time by resigning.

—*Quatre-Vingt-Treize*, the new work of Victor Hugo, of which forty thousand copies of the two editions published by Harper & Brothers have been sold, has been translated into almost all living languages, except the German, and it is finally to appear in dat language.

—The editor of the *Crescent City Courier* claims to publish the most westerly paper in the United States. The water of the Pacific Ocean at high tide reaches within ten feet of his office door. He sweeps out his office into the great element.

—Commodore Vanderbilt has given one hundred thousand dollars more to the university founded by him in Tennessee, for the purpose of completing the buildings. The old gentleman, with commendable impatience, desires, doubtless, to see the whole thing nicely finished up and in running order before he "shuffles off this mortal coil"—or words to that effect.

—Oliver Ames proposes to build and present to the Unitarian Society at North Easton, Massachusetts, a new church. They think it a good "Rowland for their Oliver," and a much better man than either of those two of Charlemagne's twelve most famous peers, whose exploits are rendered so ridiculously extravagant by the old romancers.

—For the first time in the history of the United States Congress, an ex-slave recently presided over the deliberations of the House of Representatives, Mr. Rainey, of South Carolina, occupying the chair while debate was in progress on a bill to civilize and elevate the Indian. Time, indeed, makes changes! Mr. Rainey, we are told by gentlemen of the House who are opposed to him in politics, is a modest, unpretending man, and, in point of ability, above the average of members of that body. He is a very good debater, and as he never addresses the House unless he has something to say, is always listened to with respect.

—The substantial and elegant residence in Washington for the British legation is nearly completed, and will contain rooms sufficiently spacious for large entertainments. Lady Thornton is the daughter of an English clergyman, an accomplished lady, who devotes more of her time to her family than to the gayeties of the capital. Her children are fine, hearty-looking English lassies, and dress with extreme simplicity—a simplicity in striking contrast with the elegant school-dressing of the two French schools in Washington.

—General Samuel Pike, the veteran editor of the Maysville *Flag*, says, in a recent number, "The editor of this paper completed his threescore and ten years on Monday last, April 6, and is now in the forty-second year of his editorial life." If there is an older Democratic editor than he now in this country, it would be a pleasure to hear from him.

—The Shah is going on a special religious pilgrimage to Mecca, having vowed to do that particular thing during his journeyings among European unbelievers.

—The "Egg King" of Maine is John Woodbury, of Bangor. He has traded off 150,000 of hen fruit within a year, and is proud of it.

—Gustav C. Braun, a German, who made $40,000 by selling cigars under the La Farge House, and by speculating in tobacco, died a few months since in Vienna, and left $5000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, $5000 to the German Hospital, and $5000 each to Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's Church, New York, Dr. David Bartlett, of Hartford, Connecticut, Daniel Bartlett, of East Windsor, Connecticut, and A. S. Roe, of East Windsor. The will is contested by a niece, just come of age, who lives in Indiana, on the ground that the will presented is not the testament of Gustav C. Braun.

—Speaker Blaine has ordered the parenthetic words "laughter," "applause," "sensation," etc., to be omitted from the official reports of the debates, as they only indicate the fact that members had violated the rules of the House.

—An American, writing in London of the Prince of Wales, says, "He is proud of his wife, and there is not in England a more attentive and devoted husband."

—There are in the present British House of Commons seven members, Messrs. Ashton, Biddulph, Edwards, Knightley, Lloyd, Noel, and Onslow, who are the direct lineal descendants of those who bore the same names who were members of the famous Long Parliament, which sat two hundred and thirty years ago. There are also in the House between forty and fifty members who trace their ancestry as far back, most of whom served in one or the other branches of Parliament. There is still left much of the old hereditary influence of the landed gentry in the Commons, but it has been greatly encroached upon by the ability and push of the financial and manufacturing magnates, who are now, in fact, a positive if not the most powerful force in the legislation of Great Britain.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The public will be much gratified to learn that the lamented death of Professor Agassiz will not prevent the continuation of the school of natural history at Penikese Island, the results of which during the season of 1873 proved to be of so much educational importance. A circular from Mr. Alexander Agassiz in regard to this states that two or three times as many persons as can be accommodated have already applied to be received during the coming summer, and that great interest is manifested to prosecute the study of nature under the eminent specialists who have been called to assist in the enterprise.

The necessity of a permanent endowment is very justly set forth by Mr. Agassiz, and especially the importance of means for paying for the services of specialists invited to officiate as instructors. During the first season the services of gentlemen eminent in science were offered without charge on account of their affection for Professor Agassiz, many of them, indeed, having been his former pupils. But, as Mr. Alexander Agassiz remarks, this can not with propriety be counted upon hereafter, and some endowment must be devised out of which to pay such salaries and meet other necessary expenses. He therefore suggests that provision be made by the Legislatures of the several States for the endowment of scholarships, either by the actual payment of the sum of $5000 or an annual grant of $350. The payment of this sum on the part of any State would entitle it to nominate two teachers for admission during the summer to the Penikese school, the selection to be made from among those most apt in natural history. Considering the scarcity of efficient teachers of natural history, and its rising interest and importance as an element in education, this amount is certainly very trifling in comparison with the result to be accomplished.

No charge is made to the students of this school for tuition. It is estimated that the board will amount to between eight and nine dollars per week, and the sum of ten dollars will be assessed for the expense of attendance on rooms and other incidentals. The situation of the establishment on an island in Buzzard's Bay, at some distance from the regular routes of travel, will necessarily increase the cost of living somewhat, but it is intended that only the actual expense of what is provided shall be called for.

It is announced that this school will open on the 7th of July, and close on the 29th of August. Among the gentlemen mentioned as likely to take part in the instruction are Dr. Packard, Professors Wilder, Morse, Mayer, and Jordan, and Messrs. Putnam, Bickmore, Lyman, and others.

The Toronto *Globe* of April 8 contains an advertisement on the part of the Commissioner of Fisheries of Canada (reproduced in *Forest and Stream* and elsewhere), offering for lease the salmon lakes and rivers of the Dominion of Canada, licenses to be issued for the season, or leases for five years, as may be agreed with each applicant. The minimum prices that will be considered for the waters are mentioned, and they will be adjudged to the highest bidder above these prices who will furnish the necessary guarantees. The preservation of the stream and its protection against unauthorized fishing form a portion of the conditions of the lease. The highest minimum mentioned is $500, while some of the streams are rated as low as $20. Application is to be made to Mr. William F. Whitcher, Commissioner of Fisheries, Ottawa, Canada.

By a circular from the American Geographical Society we learn that Dr. I. I. Hayes proposes to extend the sphere of his Northern travels by visiting Iceland, so as to be present at the coming millennial celebration. He expects to leave Dundee for Iceland about the 20th of June in a vessel chartered for the purpose, and signifies his willingness to take from eight to ten gentlemen, who shall bear their portion of the expense. He expects to devote a part of the time of his stay in the country to visiting a portion of the island which he believes has never yet been explored.

It is understood that the council of the Royal Geographical Society of London has agreed to contribute one thousand pounds sterling to the exploration of Lieutenant Cameron, of the Livingstone search expedition, his funds having been exhausted. Of course, although the question of the Livingstone search is now settled, it is considered desirable to proceed to Ujiji for the purpose of securing the doctor's papers and other articles.

The death of Mr. Joseph Harrison, Jun., on the 27th of March last, at his residence in Philadelphia, is announced by the *Public Ledger*, and occasion is taken to pay a justly merited tribute to the abilities of this gentleman. Mr. Harrison was born in Philadelphia in 1810, and at an early age showed a great aptitude for mechanical pursuits, and at the age of twenty was foreman of a large machine-shop in Kensington, subsequently becoming connected with a locomotive establishment, in connection with which he devised many improvements in locomotives. He subsequently became a partner in the locomotive manufacturing firm of Eastwick & Harrison, and it was by them that the first improved engines for drawing heavy trains of coal were made.

About 1840 Mr. Harrison succeeded in obtaining a contract from the Russian government for the construction of the rolling stock for the great railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, in which he was associated with Mr. Winans, of Baltimore. Other heavy contracts were subsequently entered into with the Russian government, all of which were punctually carried out to the profit of the contractors. After a long residence in Russia Mr. Harrison returned to Philadelphia in 1852, where he resided until the time of his death. Mr. Harrison is perhaps best known at the present time in connection with what is known as Harrison's tubular boiler, which is believed to be absolutely secure against destructive explosions, and which is now used very largely throughout the United States.

In the death of Cruveilhier, an eminent French physicist and pathologist, scientific medicine is said to have lost one of its most worthy ornaments. He was born in 1791 at Limoges, and in 1825 was appointed to the chair of anatomy in the Medical School at Paris, from which he was transferred to the chair of pathology in 1835. His best-known works are his *Traité d'Anatomie Descriptive* and *L'Anatomie Pathologique du Corps Humain*.

The safe arrival of the *Challenger* at Melbourne has just been announced. On her voyage from the Cape of Good Hope she visited Kerguelen's Land and M'Donald Island, and succeeded in attaining a latitude of nearly 66⅔° south.

From the days of Romulus and Remus to the present, stories are continually rife of children having taken up their abode with wolves, and assuming, more or less, their character. A recent contribution to the literature of this subject is found in the June number, for 1873, of the *Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, where Mr. V. Ball, of the Geological Survey of India, presents a note of children found living with wolves in the northwestern provinces of Oude. This gentleman gives an extract from a letter from the superintendent of the orphanage at Secundra, in relation to a boy who was found, as it states, in a wolf's den while some Hindoos were hunting wolves. He had been burned out of the den with the wolves, and brought to the orphanage with the scars and wounds still on him. In his habits he was a perfectly wild animal in every respect, drinking like a dog, and liking a bone and raw meat better than any thing else. He would never remain with the other boys, but would hide away in any dark corner, never wearing clothes, but tearing them into fine shreds. He died a few months after being taken.

Another boy, also found among wolves, and likewise brought to the orphanage, is now about thirteen or fourteen years of age, and has been at the orphanage more than six months. He has learned to make sounds, but can not yet speak. He has learned to eat cooked meat, but still will not disdain to pick a bone.

These boys were remarkable for the facility with which they would move about on their hands and feet, exactly as if they were real wolves. Before eating or tasting any food they smelled it, and if the smell did not suit them they would throw it away.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Ocean disasters, although they create a general alarm and excitement, which tend to procure arrangements for greater security in transatlantic voyages, do not cause any great change in the tide of summer travel across the waters. The exodus has already commenced, and will not diminish essentially for several weeks. Arrangements are now made whereby persons can join an excursion party, and take an extended European tour at greatly reduced expense, and with no care in regard to the route. These arrangements include passage-money, hotel fares, porters' fees, guides, carriages, and all ordinary expenses of the tourist. The tours vary in price, according to route, time spent, and other circumstances, from about $235 to $650 in gold. Or if one desires to make a trip around the world, he can purchase a ticket which promises a most interesting route for from $850 to $1000 in gold. We see it stated that a party of English ladies and gentlemen are soon to make an excursion tour through the principal places of interest in the United States.

The subject of "hazing" has been introduced into Congress by a bill which provides for the dismissal of any student for "hazing" in the Naval Academy, and forever renders such student ineligible for appointment to the Naval Academy or naval service.

Parisian weather has been very unattractive for outdoor amusements. Influenza has been prevalent, even fashionable. Nor has Parisian humanity been the sole sufferer; the trees bursting into leaf and the fruit blossoms have withered in the bitter wind. The cold season has been a disappointment to every body.

Adulteration of milk is promptly punished in England. A man was lately brought before a police court, charged with watering the milk he sold. He was found guilty, and fined £10 and costs, and threatened with severer penalty if found in fault again. The defendant asked,

"Can you allow me a week to pay the money? I shall have to sell my cows to do so."

The judge replied, "No; I will not show mercy to such as you. If you don't pay, a distress warrant will be issued; and if there are not sufficient goods to satisfy the distress, you will have to go to prison for six weeks."

On hearing this the defendant promptly paid the money, amounting altogether to £11 17*s.* 6*d.*

The Duchess of Edinburgh does not please every body in England. Her manner of dressing has met with many criticisms. The taste of the English has been offended by garments of too brilliant colors. It is said that she now appears in more sober garb.

The *Christian Union* gives a wise answer to an anxious inquirer, who wishes to know whether a man can love his second wife as well as the first, viz., "That depends on what sort of a wife the first was, and what kind of life the second leads him."

Ristori is expected here next fall. She has been remarkably successful in London, and shows no diminution of her wonderful powers of acting.

An exchange says: "Go to West Point in June, Saratoga in July, Long Branch in August, Newport in September, and to Schooley's Mountain and Delaware Water Gap in either or all of these months."

One authority says there are to be six bride-maids and six groomsmen at Miss Nellie Grant's wedding; another informs us that there will be eight bride-maids and no groomsmen, in accordance with the English style, but that the bride's brother will act as the groom's best man. We shall know all about it after the wedding.

The abuses of alms-giving is a subject that certainly demands the earnest consideration of all thoughtful people. We are forced to refuse to give street beggars a dozen times often in our daily walk, unless, with momentary impulse, we think it easier to scatter a few pennies; for not unfrequently, if you do not give, the beggars utter low and deep abuse, which is most unpleasant. In fact, street begging is becoming a great nuisance. The children should be in school, the sick in hospitals, and the well allowed to earn their own bread. Pauperism needs to be discouraged, as well as indiscriminate charity. Hundreds who beg for bread and money spend the money for rum and tobacco; and little child-beggars often buy candies and cakes, instead of substantial food. There is a reform very much needed in this direction.

The Edinburgh University buildings are to be extended. The estimated cost is £100,000, half of which sum has already been collected.

An Englishwoman writes to the London *Spectator*, pleading for the right to sew on Sunday! She thinks the day would be more cheerful to many women if the weariness of idleness were not imposed upon them—that they tire of reading or writing the whole day, and for want of their ordinary knitting or sewing are secretly glad when the day ends. We incline to doubt whether many American women who are accustomed to use their needles on week-days pine for a continuance of that employment on Sunday. There should be, of course, a moderate amount of occupation on Sunday to make the day useful and restful. But rest generally involves change; and, as a rule, regarding Sunday only as a rest-day, the rest is better found by turning the thoughts and the hands away from the avocations of the other six days.

Cremation still continues to excite much interest in Berlin and Vienna. A lady in the latter city, of the advanced age of seventy, and to whom therefore the subject begins to assume an aspect of personal importance, has subscribed 30,000 florins to the cremation fund, with directions for a furnace to be erected without delay.

In addition to the $50,000 which the Jubilee Singers have raised in Great Britain, $2000 have been contributed there to furnish dormitories for forty students, and over $1000 for a library. Mr. Gladstone, Dean Stanley, Mr. Spurgeon, and others have also made presents of books. The Quakers have subscribed $1100 for a set of philosophical instruments, while the town of Hull has presented a portrait of Wilberforce, to be placed in Nashville University.

In some Western towns the ladies have adopted a sensible method of advancing the temperance cause. They have established combined reading and coffee-rooms, charging for coffee the same price that is asked for beer.

It is curious to observe how modes of discipline vary in different parts of the country among wise instructors of youth. A Virginia teacher finding that two of his pupils, about the same age, had got into a difficulty, attentively heard the story of each boy. He had no other evidence, and each boy declared himself to be in the right. He took them into a room by themselves, and recommended a square fight upon the spot. "Permanent peace was speedily restored," says the record, "and they will probably never disagree again."

Kapiolani is the name of the wife of the new King of the Sandwich Islands. She recently held a reception, at which she received with ease and dignity a brilliant assemblage of ladies. She is described as a fine-looking Hawaiian lady.

In July Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia intends to start on a tour around the world. His route will be across Russia and Siberia, thence to Japan, thence to China, from whence he will come to the United States. A Prussian war vessel will convey him from New York back to Germany. He expects to be absent from Berlin a year and a half.

When the proposed railway from Naples to the crater of Vesuvius is constructed the journey can be made in an hour and a quarter. It is said that the safety of passengers will be secured even in the event of an eruption.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Irishwoman, at a loss for a word, went into a chemist's, and looking much puzzled, said she had come for medicine, the name had slipped her mind "intirely," but sounded like "Paddy in the garret." The druggist, being anxious to make a sale, tried to think what it could be, and hit upon paregoric. "Indade, thin, that's it," said she, and obtaining the medicine, went away delighted that she had come so near the right word.

"Inflating the truth" is the latest synonym for "lying."

A young lady remarked to a fop the other day that his penknife (which, by-the-bye, was a very neat one) in one respect resembled him. The ladies in the room commenced guessing what it could be. At last a smart-looking little boy, who had until now sat in one corner silent, was asked to guess. After examining the knife pretty closely he turned round, and in a cunning manner said, "Well, I don't know, unless it is because it's *dull*."

The great difference between Byron and Burns in early youth was that one was a Harrow boy and the other was a plowboy.

Marshal Soult once, showing the pictures he stole in Spain, stopped before one, and remarked, "I value that picture very much; it saved the lives of two estimable persons." An aid-de-camp whispered in the listener's ear, "He threatened to have them both shot immediately unless they gave it up."

A lady's cheek is described as the poetical abode of the rose, but we are not told what kind of rose. When an ardent lover steals a kiss, we suppose it is a "a cabbage-rose."

At a recent meeting of a society composed of men from the Emerald Isle a member made the following motion: "Mr. Prisidint, I move yees that we whitewash the ceilin' green in hornor of the owld flarg."

What age do skippers like to reach?—Anchorage.

"Papa, are you growing taller all the time?" "No, my child; why do you ask?" "Because the top of your head is poking up through your hair."

Few men have a readier excuse for their homage than the Grecian sage who, being asked why philosophers always ran after rich men, while rich men never courted philosophers, replied, "Because the latter know they want money, while the former haven't sense enough to know they want wisdom."

A smart Thing—A mustard plaster.

DRAWING-ROOM THOUGHTS.

By a Waiter who has moved in the First Circles.

A full heart is as difficult to carry as a full cup—the least thing upsets it.

Characters, like pipes, get blacker the oftener they are smoked.

The more polished a person's mind, the more susceptible it is to the warmth of friendly impressions, like a well-kept mahogany table, whose bright surface is marked instantly with any dish that is placed upon it hot.

Many friends, like cards, are flung down upon the ground as soon as those who have been playing with them have got all they cared out of them.

The Child of the Sea—The harbor buoy.

John Doe boasts of his plays (unacted); Richard Roe reads them, and says to D., "You resemble Shakspeare very much!" "You flatter me," replies the unctuous D. "Not at all; I would scorn the act." "Then where's the resemblance 'twixt the Bard of Avon and your humble servant?" "Well," replies Roe, "I'll tell you; Shakspeare, in his early days, was guilty of stealing—" "Well?" quoth Doe. "Well, there the likeness ends."

"Boy," said a traveler to a disobedient youth whom he encountered, "don't you hear your father speaking to you?" "Oh y-a-a-s," replied the youth, "but I don't mind what he says. Mother don't neither; and 'twixt she and I we've about got the dog so he don't."

MAY-DAY IN "MERRIE ENGLAND."—Engraved from

ROM A PICTURE BY C. J. STANILAND.—[SEE PAGE 439.]

[Arrangements have been made for the concurrent publication of MISS BRADDON'S *new story,* "A STRANGE WORLD," *in eight weekly newspapers in Great Britain, in* HARPER'S WEEKLY *in America, and in Germany, France, and Australia. The extraordinary success that attended the similar publication of* "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD" *attests the unprecedented popularity of* MISS BRADDON *with novel readers in every part of the world.]*

A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "AURORA FLOYD," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

POOR PLAYERS.

A FAIR slope of land in buttercup-time, just when May, the capricious, melts into tender June—a slope of fertile pasture within two miles of the city of Eborsham, whose cathedral towers rise tall in the blue, dim distance—a wealth of hedge-row flowers on every side, and all the air full of their faint sweet perfume, mixed with the odorous breath of the fast perishing hawthorn. Two figures are grouped in a corner of the meadow, beneath the umbrage of an ancient thorn, not Arcadian or pastoral figures by any means—not Phillis, the milkmaid, with sunbrowned brow and carnation cheeks, not Corydon fluting sweetly on his tuneful pipe as he reclines at her feet—but two figures which carry the unmistakable stamp of city life in every feature and every garment. One is a tall, lanky girl of seventeen, with a pale, tired face, and a look of having outgrown her strength, shot up too swiftly from childhood to girlhood, like a fast-growing weed. The other is a man who may be any age from forty to sixty—a man with sparse gray hair crowning a high forehead, bluish-gray eyes under thick dark brows, a red nose, a resolute mouth, a square jaw, and stalwart figure.

The girl's eyes are large and clear and changeful, of that dark blue-gray which often looks like black; eyes which are the chief beauty of a face that possesses no other strong claim to be admired—a scarcely noticeable countenance, indeed, save for those gray eyes.

The raiment of both man and girl is of the shabbiest. His threadbare coat has become luminous with much friction, a kind of phosphorescent brightness pervades the sleeves, like the oleaginous scum that shines upon sea waves; the tall hat which lies beside him in the deep grass has a look of having been soaped. His boots have obviously been soled and heeled, and have arrived at that debatable period in boot life when they must either be soled again or hie them straight to the dust-hole. The girl's gown is faded and too short for her long legs, her mantle a flimsy silken thing of an almost forgotten fashion, her hat a fabric of tawdry net and ribbon patched together by her own unskilled hands.

She sits with her lap full of bluebells and hawthorn, looking absently at the landscape, with those solemn towers rising out of the valley.

"How grand they are, father!"

The father is agreeably occupied in filling a cutty pipe embrowned by much smoking, which he handles fondly, as if it were a sentient thing.

"What's grand?"

"The cathedral towers. I could look at them for hours together, with that wide blue sky above them, and the streets and houses clustering at their feet. There's a bird's nest in one of them, oh! so high up, squeezed behind a horrid grinning face. Do you know, father, I've stood and looked at it sometimes till I've strained my eyes with looking. And I've wished I was a bird in that nest, to live up there in the cool shadow of the stone; no care, no trouble, no work, and all that blue sky above me for ever and ever."

"The sky isn't always blue, stupid," answered the father, contemptuously. "Your bird's nest would be a nice place in stormy weather. You talk like a fool, Justina, with your towers and nests and blue skies; and you're getting a young woman now, and ought to have some sense. As for cathedral towns, for my part, I've never believed in 'em. Never saw good business for a fortnight on end in a cathedral town. It's all very well for a race week, or you may pull up with a military bespeak, if there's a garrison. But, in a general way, as far as the profession goes, your cathedral town is a dead failure."

"I wasn't thinking of the theatre, father," said the girl, with a contemptuous shrug of her thin shoulders. "I hate the theatre, and every thing belonging to it!"

"There's a nice young woman, to quarrel with your bread and butter!"

"Bread and ashes, I think, father," she said, looking downward at the flowers with a moody face. "It tastes bitter enough for that."

"Did ever any one hear of such discontent?" ejaculated the father, lifting his eyes toward the heavens, as if invoking Jove himself as a witness of his child's depravity. "To go and run down the Pro.! Hasn't the Pro. nourished you, and brought you up, and maintained you since you were no higher than that?"

He spread his dingy hand a foot or so above the buttercups to illustrate his remark.

The Pro. of which he spoke with so fond an air was the calling of an actor, and this elderly gentleman in threadbare raiment was Mr. Mathew Elgood, a performer of that particular line of dramatic business known in his own circle as "the first heavies," or, in more familiar parlance, Mr. Elgood was the heavy man—the king in *Hamlet*, Iago, Friar Lawrence, the robber chief of melodrama, the relentless father of the ponderous top-booted and pigtailed comedy. And Justina Elgood, his seventeen-year-old daughter, commonly called Judy. Was she Juliet or Desdemona, Ophelia or Imogen? No. Miss Elgood had not yet soared above the humblest drudgery. Her line was general utility, in which she worked with the unrequited patience of an East End shirt-maker.

"Hasn't the Pro. supported you from the cradle?" growled Mr. Elgood, between short, thoughtful puffs at his pipe.

"Had I ever a cradle, father?" the girl demanded, wonderingly. "If you were always moving about then as you are now, a cradle must have been a great inconvenience."

"I've a sort of recollection of seeing you in one, for all that," replied Mr. Elgood, shutting his eyes with a meditating air, as if he were casting his gaze back into the past—"a clumsy edifice of straw, bulky, and awkward of shape. It might have held properties pretty well, but I don't remember traveling with it. I dare say your mother borrowed the thing of her landlady. You were born at Seacomb, you know, in Cornwall, and the Seacomb people are uncommonly friendly. I make no doubt your mother borrowed it."

"I dare say, father. We're great people for borrowing!"

"Why not?" asked Mr. Elgood, lightly; "give and take, you know, Judy: that's a Christian sentiment."

"Yes, father, but we always take."

"Man is the slave of circumstances, my dear. 'Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away.' That's the Gospel, Justina. If I have been rather in the position of the borrower than the lender, that has been my misfortune, and not my fault. Had I been the possessor of ten thousand per annum, I would have been the last of men to refuse to take a box ticket for a fellow-creature's benefit."

The girl gave a faint sigh, and began to arrange her bluebells and hawthorn into a nosegay, somewhat listlessly, as if even her natural joy in these things were clouded by a settled gloom within her breast.

"You're in the first piece, aren't you, Judy?" inquired Mathew Elgood, after indulging himself with a snatch of slumber, his elbow deep in the buttercups, and his head resting on his hand.

"Yes, father," with a sigh—"the countess, you know."

"The countess in the *Stranger*, a most profitable part. Don't put on that hat and feather you wore last time we played the piece. It made the gallery laugh. I wonder whether you'll ever be fit for the juvenile lead, Judy," he went on, meditatively. "Do you know, sometimes I am afraid you never will; you're so gawky and so listless. The gawkiness would be nothing—you'll get over that when you've done growing, I dare say—but your heart is not in your profession, Justina. There's the rub."

"My heart in it!" echoed the girl, with a dreary laugh: "why, I hate it, father; you must know that. Hasn't it kept me ignorant and shabby, and looked down upon all the days of my life, since I was two years old, and went on as the child in *Pizarro?* Hasn't it kept me hanging about the wings till midnight, from year's end to year's end, when other children were in bed, with a mother to look after them? Haven't I been told often enough that I've no talents, and no good looks to help me, and that I must be a drudge all my life?"

"No good looks! Well, I'm not so sure about that," said the father, thoughtfully. "Talent, I admit, you are deficient of, Judy; but your looks even now are by no means despicable, and will improve with time. You have a fine pair of eyes, and a complexion that lights up uncommonly well. I have seen leading ladies earning their three to four guineas a week with less personal advantages."

"I wish I could earn a good salary, father, for your sake; but I should never be fond of acting. I've seen too much of the theatre. If I'd been a young lady, now, shut up in a drawing-room all my life, and brought to the theatre for the first time to see *Romeo and Juliet*, I could fancy myself wanting to play Juliet; but I've seen too much of the ladder Juliet stands on in the balcony scene, and the dirty-looking man that holds it steady for her, and the way she quarrels with Mrs. Wappers, the nurse, between the acts. I've read the play often, father, since you've told me to study Juliet, and I've tried to fancy her a real living woman in Verona, under a cloudless sky as blue as these flowers; but I can't; I can only think of Miss Villeroy in her whity-brown satin, and Mrs. Wappers in her old green and yellow brocade, and the battered old garden scene, and the palace flats we use so often, and the scene-shifters in their dirty shirt sleeves. All the poetry has been taken out of it for me, father."

"That's because yours is a commonplace mind, child," answered Mr. Elgood, with a superior air. "Look at me, now! If I feel as dull as ditch-water when I go on the stage, the first hearty round of applause kindles the poetic fire, and the second fans it into a blaze. The divine afflatus, Judy, that's what you want—the afflatus!"

"I suppose you mean applause, father. I know I don't get much of that."

"No, Justina, I mean the breath of the gods—the sacred wind which breathes from the nostrils of genius, which gives life and shape to the imaginings of the dramatic poet, which inspires a Kean—and, occasionally, an Elgood. I suppose you didn't hear of their encoring my exit in Iago on Tuesday night?"

"Yes, father, I heard of it."

"Come, Judy, we must be going," said Mr. Elgood, raising himself from his luxurious repose among the buttercups, after looking at a battered silver watch; "it's past four, and we've a good two miles to walk before we get our teas."

"Oh, how I wish we could stay here just as long as we like, and then go quietly home in the starlight to some cottage among those trees over there."

"Cottages among trees are proverbially damp, and the kind of existence you talk of—mooning about a meadow and going home to a cottage—would be intolerably dull for a man with any pretension to intellect."

"Oh, father, we might have books and music and flowers and birds and animals, and a few friends, perhaps, who would like us and respect us—if we were not on the stage. I don't think we need be dull."

"The varied pages of this busy world comprise the only book I care to study, Justina. As for birds, flowers, and animals, I consider them alike messy and unprofitable. I never knew a man who had a pet dog come to much good. It's a sign of a weak mind."

They were both standing by this time looking across the verdant undulating landscape to the valley where nestled the city of Eborsham. The roofs and pinnacles did not seem far off, but there was that intervening sea of meadow land, about the navigation whereof these wanderers began to feel somewhat uncertain.

"Do you know your way home, Judy?"

The girl looked across the meadows doubtfully.

"I'm not quite sure, father, but I fancy we came across that field over there, where there's such a lot of sorrel."

"Fancy be hanged!" exclaimed Mr. Elgood, impatiently; "I've got to be on the stage at half past seven o'clock, and you lead me astray in this confounded solitary place to suit your childish whims, and don't know how to get me back. It would be a nice thing if I were to lose a week's salary through your tomfoolery."

"No fear of that, father. We shall find our way back somehow, depend upon it. Why, we can't go very far astray when we can see the cathedral towers."

"Yes, and we might wander about in sight of them from now till midnight without getting any nearer to 'em. You ought to have known better, Justina."

Justina hung her head, abashed by this stern reproof.

"I dare say somebody will come by presently, father, and we can ask—"

"Do you dare say? then I don't dare say any thing of the sort. Here we've been sitting in this blessed meadow full two hours without seeing a mortal except one plowboy, who went across with a can of something half an hour ago—beer most likely; I know the sight of it made me abominably thirsty—and according to the doctrine of averages there's no chance of another human being for the next hour. Never you ask me to come for a walk with you again, Justina, after being trapped in this manner."

"Look, father! there's some one," cried Justina.

"Some two," said Mr. Elgood; "swells, by the cut of their jibs. Down for the races, I dare say."

Eborsham was a city which had its two brief seasons of glory every year. The "Eborsham spring" and the "Eborsham summer" were meetings famous in the sporting world; but the spring to the summer was as Omega to Alpha in the sidereal heavens—or, taking a more earthly standard of magnitude, while beds for the accommodation of visitors were freely offered at half a crown during the spring meeting, the poorest pallet on hire in Eborsham was worth half a guinea in the summer.

The strangers approached at a leisurely pace. Two men in the spring-time of their youth, clothed in gray. One tall, strong of limb, broad of chest, somewhat slovenly of attire; loose cravat, gray felt hat, stout, sportsman-like boots, fishing-rod under his arm. The other shorter, slighter, smaller, dressed with a certain girlish prettiness and neatness that smacked of Eton.

Both were smoking as they came slowly strolling along the field path, on the other side of the irregular hawthorn hedge. The younger and smaller held a paper cigarette between his girlish lips. The other smoked a black-muzzled clay, which would not have been out of keeping with the costume and bearing of an Irish navvy.

They came to a gap in the hedge, which brought them close to the strollers.

"Gentlemen, can you enlighten me as to the nearest way to Eborsham?" asked Mr. Elgood, with a grandiose air, which the prolonged exercise of his avocation had made second nature.

The elder of the strangers stared at him blankly, with that unseeing gaze of the deep thinker, and went on sucking his blackened pipe. The younger smiled kindly, and made haste to answer, with a shy eagerness—just a little stammer in his speech at first—which was not unpleasing.

"I really am at a loss to direct you," he said. "We are strangers here ourselves—only came to Eborsham last night."

"For the races, I opine," interrupted Mr. Elgood.

"Not exactly for the races," replied the young man, doubtfully.

"You came for the races, Jim," said the taller stranger, looking down at his companion as from an altitude of wisdom and experience. "I came to see that you were not fleeced. There are no rogues like the rogues that haunt a race-course."

This with a dark glance at the actor.

"He looks the image of a tout," thought the tall stranger. His fancies had been up aloft in his own particular cloud-land when the wayfarers accosted him, and he was slowly coming down to the level of workaday life. Only this instant had he become conscious of the girl's presence.

Justina stood in the background of her father's bulky figure, making herself as narrow as she possibly could. Her detractors in the theatre found fault with that narrowness of Justina's. She had been disadvantageously likened to gas-pipes, May-poles, and other unsubstantial objects, and was considered a mere profile of a girl, an outline sketch, only worth half the salary that might have been given to a plumper damsel.

"Good Heavens, Elgood!" the manager had exclaimed once when Justina played a page, "when will your daughter begin to have legs?"

The tall stranger's slow gaze had now descended upon Justina. To that bashful maiden, conscious of her gawkiness, the darkly bright eyes seemed awful as the front of Jove himself. She shrank behind her father, dazzled as if by a sunburst. There was such power in Humphrey Clissold's face.

"We came here anyhow, following the windings of yonder trout stream," said Clissold, with a backward glance at the valley. "I haven't the faintest notion how we are to get back, except by turning our noses to the cathedral, and then following them religiously. We can hardly fail to get there sooner or later, if we are true to our noses."

Justina began to laugh, as if it had been a greenroom jokelet, and then checked herself, blushing vehemently. She felt it was taking a liberty to be amused by this tall stranger.

"Perhaps time is no object to you, Sir," said Mr. Elgood.

"Not the slightest. I don't think time ever has been any object to me, except when I was gated at Oxford," replied Clissold.

"To me, Sir, it is vital. If I do not reach yon city before the clock strikes seven, the prospects of a struggling commonwealth are blighted."

"Father," remonstrated the girl, plucking his sleeve, "what do these gentlemen know about commonwealths?"

"I have studied the subject but superficially in the pages of our friend Cicero," said Clissold, lightly. "Modern scholars call him Kikero, but your elder erudition might hardly accept the Kappa."

"The commonwealth to which I allude, Sir, is a company of actors, now performing on their own hook at the Theatre Royal, Eborsham. If I am not on the stage before eight o'clock to-night, our chances in that town are gone. The provincial public, having paid its shillings and sixpences, will not brook disappointment. You will hardly credit the fact, perhaps, Sir, but there are seven places taken in the dress circle, paid in advance, Sir, further secured by a donation to the box-keeper, for this evening's performance. Conceive the feelings of those seven dress circles, Sir, if Mathew Elgood is conspicuous by his absence."

"That must not be, Sir," returned Humphrey Clissold, gravely. "Pedestrian wanderings have somewhat developed my organ of locality, and if you like to trust yourself to my guidance I will do my best to navigate you in the desired direction. Is that young lady also required by the British public?"

"Yes," responded Elgood, indifferently; "she's in the first piece. But we might send a ballet-girl on for her part, if"—as an after-thought—"we had any ballet."

"The numerical strength of your commonwealth is limited, I infer from your remark," observed Clissold, as the stroller stepped through the gap in the hedge, and joined those other strollers in the lane.

"Well, Sir—'lead on, I follow thee'—when a manager puts it to his company roundly that he must either make it a commonwealth or shut up shop altogether, the little people are generally the first to fall away."

"The little people?"

"Yes, Sir—second walking gentleman, ditto lady; second chamber-maid, general utility; second old man, proverbially duffing, and ballet. The little people lack that confidence in their own genius which sustains a man under the fluctuations of a commonwealth. They want the afflatus, and when the ghost walks not—"

"The ghost?"

"In vulgar English, when there is no treasury, no reliable weekly stipend, the little people collapse. The second walking lady and chamber-maid go home to their mothers; the second old man opens a sweet-stuff shop. They fade and evanish from a profession they did nothing to adorn."

"What is a commonwealth?" asked the younger gentleman, interested by this glimpse of a strange world.

"In a theatrical sense," added Clissold.

"A theatrical commonwealth is a body without a head. There is no responsible lessee. The weekly funds are divided into so many shares, each share representing half a sovereign. The actor whose nominal salary is two pound ten takes five shares. The actor whose ordinary pay is fifteen shillings claims but a share and a half, and has his claim allowed. I have known the shares to rise to fourteen and ninepence half-

penny; I have seen them dwindle to one and sevenpence."

"Thanks for the explanation. Does prosperity attend you in Eborsham?"

"Sir, our receipts heretofore have been but middling. Our anchor of hope is the spring meeting, which begins, as you are doubtless aware, to-morrow."

"Do you remain here long?" asked Mr. Penwyn, the younger pedestrian.

"A fortnight, at most. Our next engagement is Duffield, thence we proceed to Humberston, then Slingerford, after which we separate to seek 'fresh woods and pastures new.'"

Mr. Penwyn looked at the vagabond wonderingly. The man spoke so lightly of his fortuitous life. James Penwyn, of Penwyn Manor, Cornwall, had been brought up like the Danish princess who discovered the presence of the pea under seven feather-beds and seven mattresses. He had never been inconvenienced in his life; and this encounter with a fellow-creature who anatomically resembled himself, and yet belonged to a world so wide apart from his world, at once interested and amused him. He pitied the stroller with a serio-comic pity, as he might have compassionated an octopus in an uncomfortable position.

Perhaps there was never in this world a better-natured youth than this James Penwyn. He had not the knack of sending his thoughts far afield, never lost himself in a tangle of speculative fancies, like his dark-eyed, wide-browed friend and master, Humphrey Clissold, but within its somewhat narrow limit his mind was clear as a crystal streamlet. His first thought in every relation of life was to do a kindness. He was a man whom sponges of every order and college scouts and cab-men and tavern waiters adore, and for whom the wise and prudent apprehend a youth of waste and riot and an after-life of ruin.

"I'll tell you what," said he, with a friendly air, "we'll come to the theatre to-night and see you act—and the young lady," with a critical glance at Justina, who walked close beside her father, and did her best to extinguish herself in the shadow of Mr. Elgood's bulky form. It was as much as James Penwyn could do to get a glimpse of the girl's face, which had a pale, tired look just now. "Humph," thought James, "fine eyes, but not particularly pretty—rather a washed-out look."

"Sir," said Mr. Elgood, "you will confer at once honor and substantial benefit upon us poor players. And if you like to take a peep at life behind the scenes, my position in the theatre warrants my admitting you to that esoteric region."

"I should like it of all things, and we can sup together afterward. They've a decent cook at the inn where my friend and I are staying, though it's only a road-side tavern. You know it, perhaps—the Waterfowl, half a mile out of the town. It's my friend's fancy that we should stop there."

"It's your friend's necessity that he should avoid costly hotels," said Humphrey, lightly.

They had crossed a couple of meadows, where young lambs scuttled off at the sight of them, bleating vehemently, and now came to a green lane, a long grassy gully between tall hedges, where the earliest of the dog-roses were budding, creamy white amidst tender green leaves. Mr. Penwyn took advantage of the change to slip behind Mr. Elgood, and place himself beside Justina. Humphrey looked after him darkly. A too general worship of the fair sex was one of James Penwyn's foibles.

No, decidedly she was not pretty, thought James, after a closer inspection of the pale young face, with its somewhat pensive mouth and grayish-blue eyes. She blushed a little as he looked at her, and the delicate rose tint became the oval cheek. All the lines of her face were too sharp, for want of that filling out and rounding of angles which is the ripening of beauty. She was like a pale greenish-hued peach on a wall in early June, to which July and August will bring roundness, velvety texture, and richest bloom.

"I hope you are not very tired," said James, gently.

"Not very," answered Justina, with an involuntary sigh. "We had a long rehearsal this morning."

"Yes, there always must be long rehearsals while there are stupid people in a theatre," interjected Mr. Elgood, with a sharpness which made the remark sound personal.

"We are getting up a burlesque for the race nights, gentlemen," continued the actor—"*Faust and Marguerite*—the last popular thing in London, and my daughter knows as much about burlesque business as an eating-house waiter knows of a holiday."

"Are you fond of acting?" asked James, confidentially, ignoring Mr. Elgood's remarks.

"I hate it," answered Justina, less shyly than she had spoken before. There was something friendly in the young man's voice and manner which invited to confidence; and then he was so pleasant to look at, with his small, clearly cut features, light auburn mustache, crisp auburn hair, cut close to the well-shaped head, garments of rough gray tweed, which looked more distinguished than any clothes Justina had ever seen before; thick cable chain and pendent locket—a large, dull gold locket, with a Gothic monogram in black enamel—tawny gloves upon the small hands—altogether a very different person from the tall man in the shabby shooting-coat, leather gaiters, and bulky boots who walked on the other side of Mr. Elgood. Justina was young enough to be impressed by externals.

"Hate it?" exclaimed Mr. Penwyn. "I thought actresses always adored the stage, and looked forward to acquiring the fame of an O'Neil or a Fawcet."

"Do they?" said Justina; "those I know are like horses in a mill, and go the same round year after year. When I think that I may have to lead that kind of life till I die of old age, I almost feel that I should like to drown myself, if it wasn't wicked; but then I haven't any talent. I suppose it would all seem different if I were clever."

"Aren't you clever?" asked James, smiling at her simplicity. Although not pretty she was far from unpleasing. He was amused—interested even. But then he was always ready to interest himself in any tolerably attractive young woman.

Humphrey Clissold fell away from the actor, and walked beside his friend, overlooking James and Justina from his superior height. There was plenty of space in the wide green lane for four to walk abreast.

"No," said Justina, confidentially, not wishing her father to hear ungrateful murmurs against the art he respected, "I believe I'm very stupid. If there is a point to be made, I generally miss it—speak too fast or too slow, or drop my voice at the end of a speech, or raise it too soon. Even in François I didn't get a round the other night. You know François?"

"Haven't the honor of his acquaintance."

"The page in *Richelieu*. He has a grand speech. One is bound to get a tremendous round of applause; but somehow I missed it. Father said he should like to have boxed my ears."

"He didn't do it, I hope."

"No, but it was almost as bad; he said it before every body in the greenroom."

"I understand—like a fellow saying something unpleasant of one at one's club."

They came to the end of the green lane at last. It opened upon a level sweep of land, across which they saw the city, all its roofs and walls steeped in the declining light. The ground was marshy, and between low rush-grown banks gently flowed the Ebor, a narrow river that wound its sinuous course around the outskirts of Eborsham, without entering the city.

"I have not led you astray, you see, Sir," said Humphrey; "behold the cathedral! Yonder path by the water's edge will bring us to the lower end of the town."

"We have to thank you for extrication from a difficulty, Sir," replied Mr. Elgood, with dignity. "You have brought us a shorter way than that which my daughter and I traversed when we came out this afternoon."

They followed the river path—a tow-path along which slow, clumsy horses were wont to drag the lingering chain of a heavily laden barge. The dark green rushes shivered in the west wind, the slow river was gently rippled; the city had a look of unspeakable stillness, like a city in a picture.

Half-way along the tow-path they encountered some stragglers—a man laden with oakum mats, who walked wide of his companions on the marshy ground outside the path; a boy running here and there at random, chasing the small yellow butterflies, and shouting at them in the ardor of the chase; an elderly woman, of the gypsy race, carrying a string of light fancy baskets across her shoulder.

"That's the worst of a race meeting," said James Penwyn, with reference to these nomads; "it brings together such a lot of rabble."

One of the rabble stopped and blocked his pathway. It was the elderly gypsy woman.

"Let me tell you your fortune, my pretty gentleman," she said, pouncing on Mr. Penwyn, as if she had discovered his superior wealth at a glance. "Cross the poor gypsy's hand with a bit of silver—half a crown won't hurt you, my pretty gentleman. You've riches in your face—you've never known what it is to want a sovereign, and never will. The world was made for such as you."

"Avaunt, harridan!" cried the tragedian, "and suffer us to proceed."

"What, you'd like to spoil my market, would you?" cried the sibyl, vindictively. "No one was ever a penny the richer for your generosity, and no one will be a penny the worse off when you're dead and gone, except yourself. Let me tell your fortune, pretty gentleman," she went on, laying a persuasive hand on James Penwyn's gray sleeve, and keeping up with the pedestrians as they strove to pass her. "There's plenty of pleasant things the old gypsy woman can tell you. You're a gentleman that likes a dark blue eye, and there's an eye that looks kindly upon you now; and though there's crosses for true lovers, all will come out happy in the end, if you listen to the old gypsy."

James laughed, and flung the prophetess a florin.

"Show me your hand, kind gentleman," she urged, after a string of thanks and benedictions; "your left hand. Yes, there's the mount of Venus, and not an ugly line across it, and you've a long thumb, my pretty gentleman, long between the first joint and the second; that means strength of will, for the thumb is Jupiter, and rules the house of life. Don't take your hand away, pretty gentleman. Let's see the line—"

"What's the matter, mother?" asked James, as the woman stopped in the middle of a sentence, and still holding his hand, and staring at the palm steadfastly with a scared look.

"What's that?" she asked, pointing to a short, indented line across the palm.

"Why, what keen eyes you have, old lady! That's the mark of a hole I dug in my palm two years ago, cutting a tough bit of cavendish. My scout told me I was bound to have lock-jaw, but I didn't realize his expectations. I suppose lock-jaw doesn't run in our family."

"Right across the line of life!" muttered the gypsy, still examining the seam left by the knife upon the pinkish, womanish palm.

"Does that mean any thing bad—that I am to die young, for instance?"

"The scar of a knife can't overrule the planets," replied the sibyl, sententiously.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAY-DAY IN "MERRIE ENGLAND."

OUR double-page illustration this week will give our readers a very lively idea of the merry way in which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors celebrated the 1st of May during the fifteenth century. A short account of some of their festivities will give additional interest to the picture.

At the time to which the picture refers it was still customary for the middle and humbler classes to go forth at an early hour in the morning, in order to gather flowers and hawthorn branches, which they brought home about sunrise, with accompaniments of horn and tabor and all possible signs of joy and merriment. By a natural transition of ideas they gave to the hawthorn bloom the name of the May; they called this ceremony "the bringing home the May;" they spoke of the expedition to the woods as "going a-Maying." The fairest maid of the village was crowned with flowers as the "Queen of the May." The lads and lassies met, danced, and sang together, with a freedom which we would fain think of as bespeaking comparative innocence as well as simplicity. In a somewhat earlier age ladies and gentlemen were accustomed to join in the Maying festivities. Even the king and queen condescended to mingle on this occasion with their subjects.

These merry people of the old days had in every town and in every village a fixed pole as high as the mast of a vessel of a hundred tons, on which each May-morning they suspended wreaths of flowers, and round which they danced in rings pretty nearly the whole day. The May-pole, as it was called, had its place equally with the parish church or the parish stocks; or, if any where one was wanting, the people selected a suitable tree, fashioned it, and brought it in triumphantly, and erected it in the proper place, there from year to year to remain. The Puritans caused May-poles to be uprooted, and a stop put to all their jollities; but after the Restoration they were every where re-erected, and the appropriate rites recommenced. Now, alas! in the course of the gradual change of manners, the May-pole has again vanished. They must now be pretty old people who remember ever seeing one.

The most renowned London May-pole, and the latest in existence, was that erected in the Strand immediately after the Restoration. "That stately cedar erected in the Strand, 134 feet high," as it is glowingly termed by a contemporary author, was considered as a type of "golden days" about to return with the STUARTS. It was raised by seamen, expressly sent for the purpose by the Duke of York, and decorated with three gilt crowns and other enrichments. It is frequently alluded to by authors. POPE wrote,

"Where the tall May-pole o'erlooked the Strand."

The custom of having a Queen of the May, or May-queen, looks like a relic of the heathen celebration of the day. This flower-crowned maid appears as a living representative of the goddess Flora, whom the Romans worshiped on this day. The May-queen did not join in the revelries of her subjects. She was placed in a sort of bower or arbor near the May-pole, there to sit in pretty state, an object of admiration to the whole village. She herself was half covered with flowers, and her shrine was wholly composed of them. It must have been rather a dull office, but doubtless to the female heart had its compensations. In England the enthronization of the May-queen has been longer obsolete than even the May-pole; but the custom still survives in France.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Thursday,	14.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	17.—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday,	24.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	31.—Trinity-Sunday.
Wednesday,	20.—General Synod Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cedarville, Ohio.
Thursday,	21.—Presbyterian General Assembly, St. Louis.
Thursday,	21.—Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, Columbus, Mississippi.
Thursday,	21.—Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly, Springfield, Missouri.
Friday,	22.—Baptist Anniversaries, Washington.
Wednesday,	27.—United Presbyterian General Assembly, Monmouth, Illinois.

JUNE.

Sunday,	7.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	14.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	21.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	28.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	29.—St. Peter.
Wednesday,	3.—General Synod Reformed Church, Poughkeepsie, New York.

THE popular vote on the revision of the Swiss federal constitution was taken on Sunday, April 24, and resulted in its adoption by 321,870 to 177,800 votes. By this revision the state assumes complete supremacy over the church. According to a Roman Catholic authority, the effect of it is that "the Jesuits and all societies affiliated with them are excluded from the whole of Switzerland. No new convents of any order may be erected, and existing communities are condemned to extinction through a prohibition to receive novices." The state also assumes the entire control of education, and must establish compulsory primary education in all the cantons. A large and general power is also contained in the provision that "the state may take the necessary measures for the maintenance of the public order and peace between the members of the different religious communities, *as well as against the encroachments of ecclesiastical authority upon the rights of the citizens.*" It may be said, in brief, that by this revision of the national constitution the state obtains the entire control of marriage, burial, education, and ecclesiastical discipline. On the day of the adoption of the new articles, elections for members of the Grand Councils were held in the cantons of Bern and Neuchatel; in the former eighty Liberals and seventy Conservatives were elected, in the latter eighty-five Liberals and seventeen Conservatives.

In the Southern Methodist General Conference resolutions have been offered asking for the appointment of a committee of three to correspond with the various Methodist bodies of Europe and America on matters of common interest. Friday, May 8, was fixed for the reception of the fraternal delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church.

On the 25th of April the Archbishop of Canterbury introduced in the House of Lords a bill designed to effect a speedier trial of ecclesiastical causes. It provides that complaints from parishes may be tried before a diocesan court, to be composed of the bishops and their assessors; one of the assessors to be the dean or chancellor, one a barrister, and the third a layman appointed by the bishop. Cases will be tried without counsel. The decision of this episcopal court is to be held good, unless reversed by the archbishop or the highest court of appeal. The bearing of this proposed measure upon ritualistic practices is very obvious. Archdeacon DENISON says of it that if it shall become a law the English people will be "not only on the eve of a revolution, but in a revolution."

Rev. Dr. ARMITAGE, of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, is one of the oldest pastors in the city. In the garden of the parsonage is a greenhouse; in it are the choicest foreign plants and flowers. The especial purpose of this conservatory is to cheer and comfort the sick. When called to the bedside of the suffering, whether members of the parish or strangers, the pastor cuts a bouquet, and introduces himself through the ministry of flowers. The gift costs but little, yet leaves an enduring fragrance behind; the flowers become a means of grace. This tender thoughtfulness gives the key-note of a long and successful ministry.

Christian missions have suffered a great loss in the death of the venerable Dr. MASON, the senior foreign missionary of the American Baptists. He had reached the great age of seventy-five years. More than forty years of his life had been spent in Asia. His labor was given mostly within the limits of the Burmese empire, to the Karens, his influence over whom was very great. He translated the entire Old Testament into their dialect, and superintended a similar translation of the New. In order to direct the printing of the Scriptures successfully, he learned, at the age of sixty, the printer's art. Dr. MASON was an industrious writer. His work on Burmah has taken rank as an authority, and his autobiography, published under the title of *The History of a Working Man's Life*, is remarkable for the charm of its style.

Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS, who was in Edinburgh during the time of the meetings held by Mr. MOODY, the American evangelist, in that city, has sent him, as a token of her appreciation of his labors, a check for £1000. Mr. MOODY, doubtless for reasons which seemed to him sufficient, has returned the check. The recently awakened religious feeling appears to pervade all Scotland. An English paper thus describes it: "Not only in the three cities which have enjoyed the services of the American evangelists, but in almost every town and village in the country, the attention of the inhabitants has been turned with an altogether unwonted earnestness to their spiritual concerns, and meetings for prayer have been held of a size and kind which six months ago would have been simply impossible. One notable feature of the movement is that it has resulted in the awakening of communities as such, not merely of particular congregations."

It is not often that a zealous preacher arises from among an aristocracy, but Lord RADSTOCK, of England, is preaching so zealously in the American chapel of St. Petersburg that he is already described as "a new apostle in the *grand monde.*" The *Grashdanin*, a fashionable paper of the Russian capital, reports that "the ladies of the nobility daily send him dozens of invitations to religious conferences, go in crowds to hear his sermons, and sing English psalms with him in his own language." Some alarm is expressed over this sudden irruption of Protestantism into the empire.

Bishop CUMMINS, the leader of the Reformed Episcopalians, has for some weeks been laid aside by sickness, but is now recovering. The Rev. WILLIAM T. SABINE has accepted the rectorship of the First Reformed Episcopal Church, in this city. Steps have been taken for the formation of a Reformed Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. At a meeting recently held articles of agreement were presented, and forty-five signatures obtained. A committee was appointed to nominate vestrymen and obtain a place of worship.

The trial of Professor SWING, of Chicago, for heresy appears likely to end in his acquittal. A deep impression was made upon the Presbytery by the accused minister's statement. "Speaking of the particular offense charged to the lecture in behalf of the Unitarian chapel, he said the sin must be based upon the assumption that the Unitarian sect are outcasts from God, having no hope in the life to come. The names of CHANNING and ELLIOTT and HUNTINGTON and PEABODY in the pulpits of that sect, and the Christ-like lives of thousands in the denomination, excluded from his mind and heart the most remote idea that in showing that brotherhood any kindness he was offering an indirect approval to persons beyond the pale of the Christian religion and hope. The idea that these brethren were devoted to wrath beyond the tomb he wholly repudiated. Much as I love Presbyterianism, a love inherited from all my ancestors, if it were necessary for me to abate in the least my good-will toward all sects, I should refuse to purchase the Presbyterian name at so dear a price."

At the close of this statement Professor PATTON, the prosecutor, said that in view of it he would like to withdraw the charges, but could not abandon the duty which he had assumed.

LUNCH-TIME IN THE BARN.

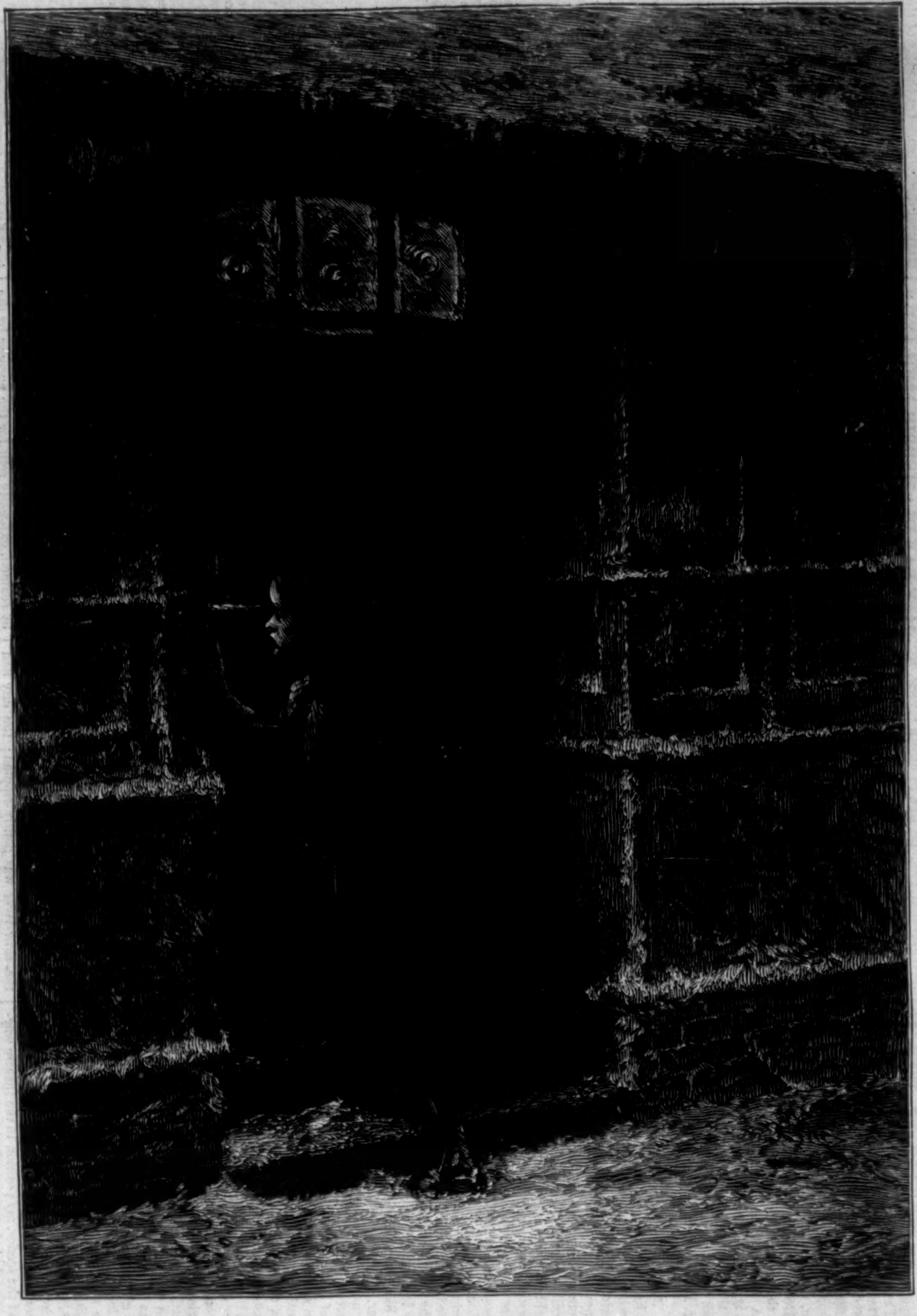
LUNCH-TIME IN THE BARN.

THIS sketch, as may be seen at a glance, represents a homely incident of rustic life in one of the provinces of France, most probably Normandy. The old farmer, resting at noon from his work, is leisurely eating his simple lunch in his barn, while his four-footed friends regard him with wistful eyes.

LOOKING FOR FATHER.

THIS picture tells its own pathetic story so well that no words are necessary to explain it or to enforce the moral lesson it conveys. But in this connection we may refer to a temperance lecture recently delivered at Manchester, England, by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, the veteran caricaturist. He gave an interesting account of the circumstances that led to his becoming a practicer and advocate of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. He recollected, he said, gentlemen coming to dine occasionally at his father's house, and he was often surprised, on coming down stairs of a morning, to find some of them rolled up on the carpet in an extraordinary manner. His own father took too much drink, and shortened his life by the fashion of the day, and left him uneducated. He had determined, if possible, to show to the world the evils of drink, and, when he became an artist, to paint a series of pictures which would exhibit the effects of intemperance on society. He had watched these effects ever since he had begun to reflect, both among the higher and the lower orders. He had gone much among the lower orders, and had studied them, and he found that among them there were no thieves without drink.

MR. CRUIKSHANK stated that he had not taken a drop of wine, beer, or spirits, or of any alcoholic drink, for twenty-seven years, and he would be eighty-two next September, if he lived till then. What was it, then, that kept up his strength? Since he had given up drinking beer and smoking he had a higher enjoyment of life, because all his nervous system was in proper tone. When he was painting his picture, the "Worship of Bacchus," he was very anxious to exhibit it to the late Prince Consort, and to lecture on it before him. The Prince Consort was very favorably inclined to the temperance cause, and he believed that had he been able to complete his picture before the Prince's death, and had had the opportunity of lecturing on it before him, he would have become an abstainer, and his example would have made a great change; but unfortunately the Prince died before it was completed. The artist was permitted, however, to exhibit the picture to the Queen, but all his eloquence could not prevail upon her Majesty to accept his views in regard to total abstinence. We may add that the great artist's pictures, being truthful and striking representations of the effects of intemperance, have been far more useful to the cause he advocates than his lectures.

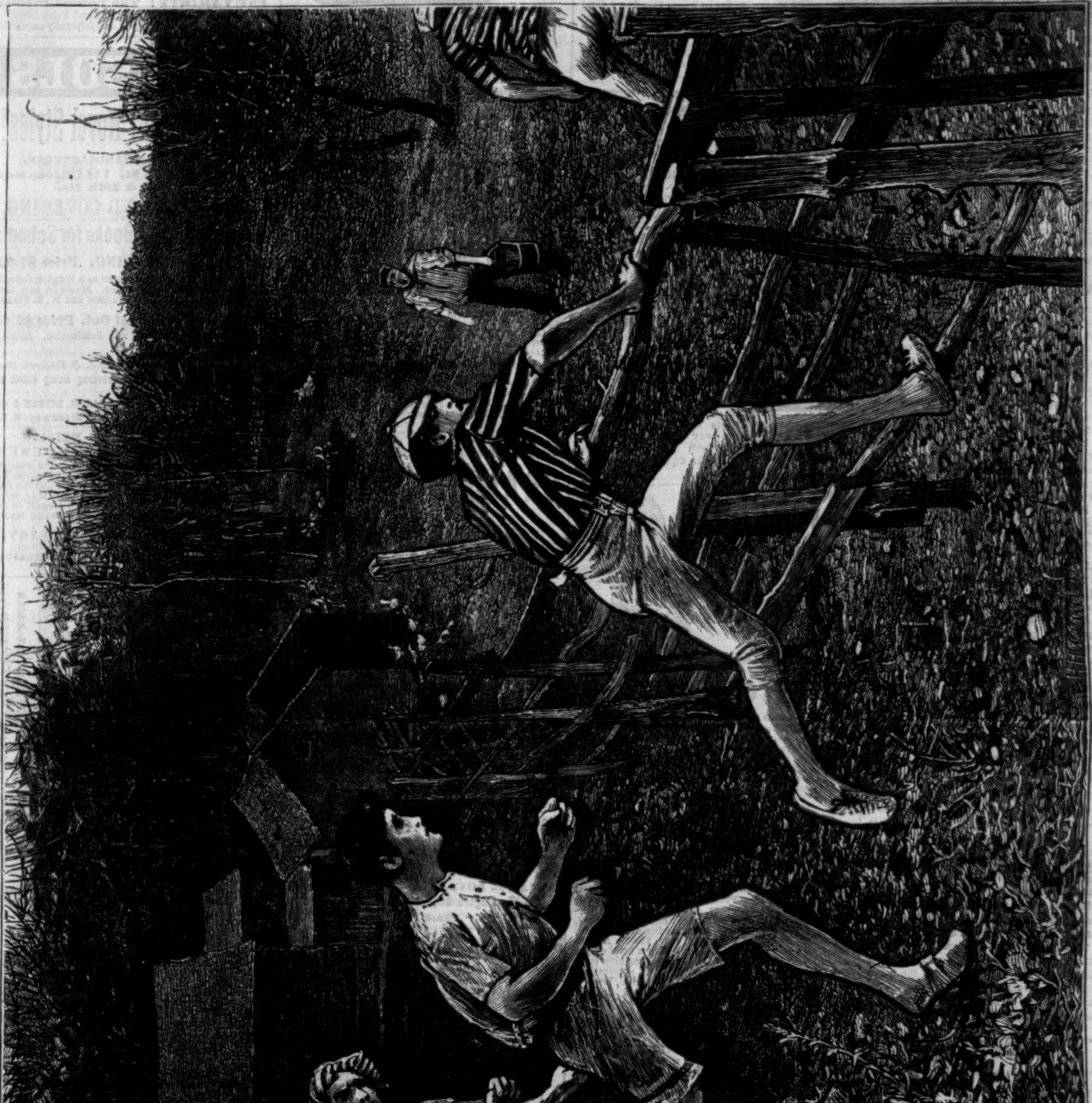


LOOKING FOR FATHER.

HARE AND HOUNDS.

THIS is a game played at most English schools, but more especially at Rugby. Two of the fastest runners in the school are generally selected as the "hares," and allowed ten minutes' start. They carry with them a quantity of small pieces of paper, which they scatter at intervals along their route, to afford a guide to the "hounds," once the pursuit commences merrily, if the pace is not yet of the best; for we have to husband our strength, and it would be unwise policy to overstrain our capacity at the first dash. We must go on steadily, acquiring fresh strength as we go, or we shall soon drop away from the rest, and collapse ignominiously. Still we go on, following the scent, and closely adhering to this trail of paper, with the huntsman in front, and the baffle the hounds, and gain additional time for breathing. In any case, the pursuit has been checked, and the huntsman has not only sounded his horn to signify that the trail has been broken, but has also planted his flag on the spot where lies the last trace of the scent, so that no time should be wasted by a misconception of the precise place, and the necessity for another search to recover the lost ground. The delay depends, huntsman, with another note from the horn, signifies that once more the hounds are on the track. So the chase is maintained, either unobstructed or varied by frequent checks, until either the hare has been captured, or the hounds themselves have been exhausted, and have abandoned pursuit."

The school-boy game of "Hare and Hounds," as it is practiced in the form of an athletic pastime, is merely a mimic representation of the



HARE AND HOUNDS.

their school-fellows. These are under the control of a "huntsman" and a "whipper-in," on whom in a great measure depends the success or failure of the pursuit. The former carries a white, the latter a red, flag.

An English writer furnishes the following description of the game:

"At last the time comes for a start, and the signal has been given that we are 'off.' At

whipper-in judiciously ending the line of stragglers in the rear. So far we have had a straight course, if the fields have been heavy and the jumps unpleasantly awkward, but at last we have met with a check.

"It may be that accident has momentarily caused the sight of the scent to be lost, that it has been obscured; or that with cunning contrivance the hare has counterfeited a course so as to

of course, on the artifices employed by the hare, for there are any number of expedients to be practiced, and the feints of an expert hare are innumerable—by retracing his steps, by improving a false scent, and, in fact, by the employment of any device that can dismay or impede his pursuers. The hounds, though, have not been idle in their quest, for speedily the trail has been regained, and the cry of 'Tally-ho!' from the

genuine sport; though now, so exact is the imitation in point of the terms applied, that we hear of the human packs as the "Metropolitan Harriers," with other appellations derived from the vocabulary of the huntsman. It is not only a recreation, but a splendid exercise that prevents the blood from stagnating, and diffuses the caloric through every vein. We need hardly add that it is a pastime for cool, bracing weather only.

AN INDIAN GRAVE.

ONE of our illustrations on page 433 represents an Indian grave met with last summer by the members of the Yellowstone Expedition, under General STANLEY. As the party moved along its attention was attracted, when at a considerable distance, by a peculiar object standing in the midst of a plain, which on being reached was found to consist of a burial scaffolding, supported by four posts, and having upon it a crate-like basket. No violence was done to this last resting-place of the dead by way of a more minute examination, but the party was informed by an Indian scout accompanying the expedition that the five buffalo skulls seen in the picture indicate the number of the dead therein inclosed. A post on one side had rotted away, causing a partial wreck of the basket frame.

Some years ago the contents of a similar crate were sent to the Army Medical Museum at Washington. These consisted of a large number of pieces of clothing, blankets, and articles of dress, etc., to the value of many hundreds of dollars, all wrapped round the body of a child of about six months of age. The body of the child is still preserved in the Army Medical Museum, while the other articles were transferred to the National Museum, in charge of the Smithsonian Institution.

ANTELOPE-HUNTING.

THE American antelope is so shy and so keen of scent that hunters are obliged to resort to various strategems to bring it within rifle-shot. Despite its timidity, the antelope is so curious and inquisitive that the display of any unusual object, such as a bit of cloth held up by the concealed hunter on the end of a ramrod, will lure it nearer and nearer until it comes within reach of the deadly rifle-ball. A very common way of exciting its curiosity is shown in our lower illustration on page 433. The hunter lies down and throws his feet in the air, moving them slowly, until the antelope's attention is caught and the animal gradually attracted within rifle-shot. Then down go the legs, a puff of smoke rises from the hunter's rifle, and the too-inquisitive antelope pays the penalty of its curiosity with its life.

THE great Roman satirist, Juvenal, adduces it as an illustration of the extravagance and effeminate luxury of imperial Rome that the princes of fashion in the time of Tiberius had different rings for wear in Winter and in Summer. Juvenal commonly wielded the lash with precision as well as with power. But it seems to us that in this instance his stripes fell awry. It is an evidence not of effeminate luxury, but of refined taste, and a just feeling for the proprieties of ornament, that the Romans should have modified their personal decorations with the season. It is not an effeminate, but a manly and a womanly taste, which prescribes for the season of flowers and of fruits a lighter and more gracious fashion of jewels than for the "season of snows and sins."

Go into such a collection of artistic jewelry as is now to be found in the warerooms of STARR & MARCUS, at 22 John Street (up stairs), and you will feel the truth of this at once. Here, for example, are two Chatelaines of equally lovely and peculiar design. One is deliciously tinted in russet gold, enriched with rose diamonds; the other charms you with a vision of Raphael's cherubs, as they lean out forever on their folded arms from the base of the Sistine picture, looking peace and divine repose, not over the couch of the Cardinal alone, on which the mighty artist designed them to gaze down, but over all the troubled years and weary hearts of human history. The one speaks of Autumn; the other is of all seasons. Or take this delicate little watch, enameled in the style of Louis Quinze, with Cupids wearing the chain of the hours in dainty blossoms; a watch that William Robert Spencer might have sent with his verses to the lady to whom he addressed that charming apology for a too protracted visit:

"How lightly falls the foot of Time,
That only falls on flowers."

Such work as this only belongs to Spring toilets, does it not? to the season of the lilies and the lilacs.—[*Com.*]

INTERESTING TO INVALID LADIES.

HARLEMVILLE, Columbia Co., N. Y., July 9, 1873.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir,—Your favor is just received. I intended to have written to you several weeks since concerning the improvement in my health, which is now very apparent. I have used one bottle of Favorite Prescription with the best results, although I will admit I was somewhat discouraged after its use (for a short time only). I took it under very disadvantageous circumstances, having the supervision of the house; and during the season of "house cleaning" I was obliged, through the incompetency of help, to do more than I ought, and, of course, suffered dreadfully—lifted when I ought not to have raised my hand, and did all I could to bring "order out of chaos;" but, upon laying aside all cares and continuing the remedy, I find, after using less than one bottle, to be so much benefited that I have discontinued the use, with no return of the symptoms of which I wrote you. I have suffered terribly, and, what added to my distress, was the consciousness of not procuring relief from ordinary sources; at times it seemed about impossible to stand, so great was the distress. All of those severe neuralgic pains have disappeared; they were so bad at times I could hardly walk without some external pressure. They seem to have left me like magic, suddenly, and have had no return; all other symptoms have been removed. The severe weakness and faintness have disappeared, and I can go up stairs with comparative ease now. I would have informed you ere this of my improvement, for I appreciated it, but I was fearful it was only transient benefit I was receiving, but I think sufficient time has elapsed to consider the beneficial results permanent. Accept of my best wishes for your future success and your kindness in advising me. Very truly,

MRS. M. NETTIE SNYDER.

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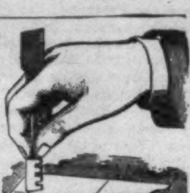

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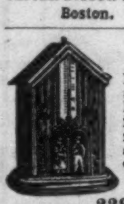

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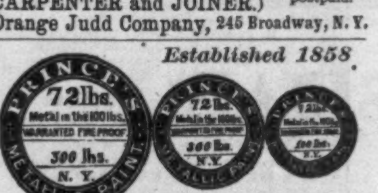

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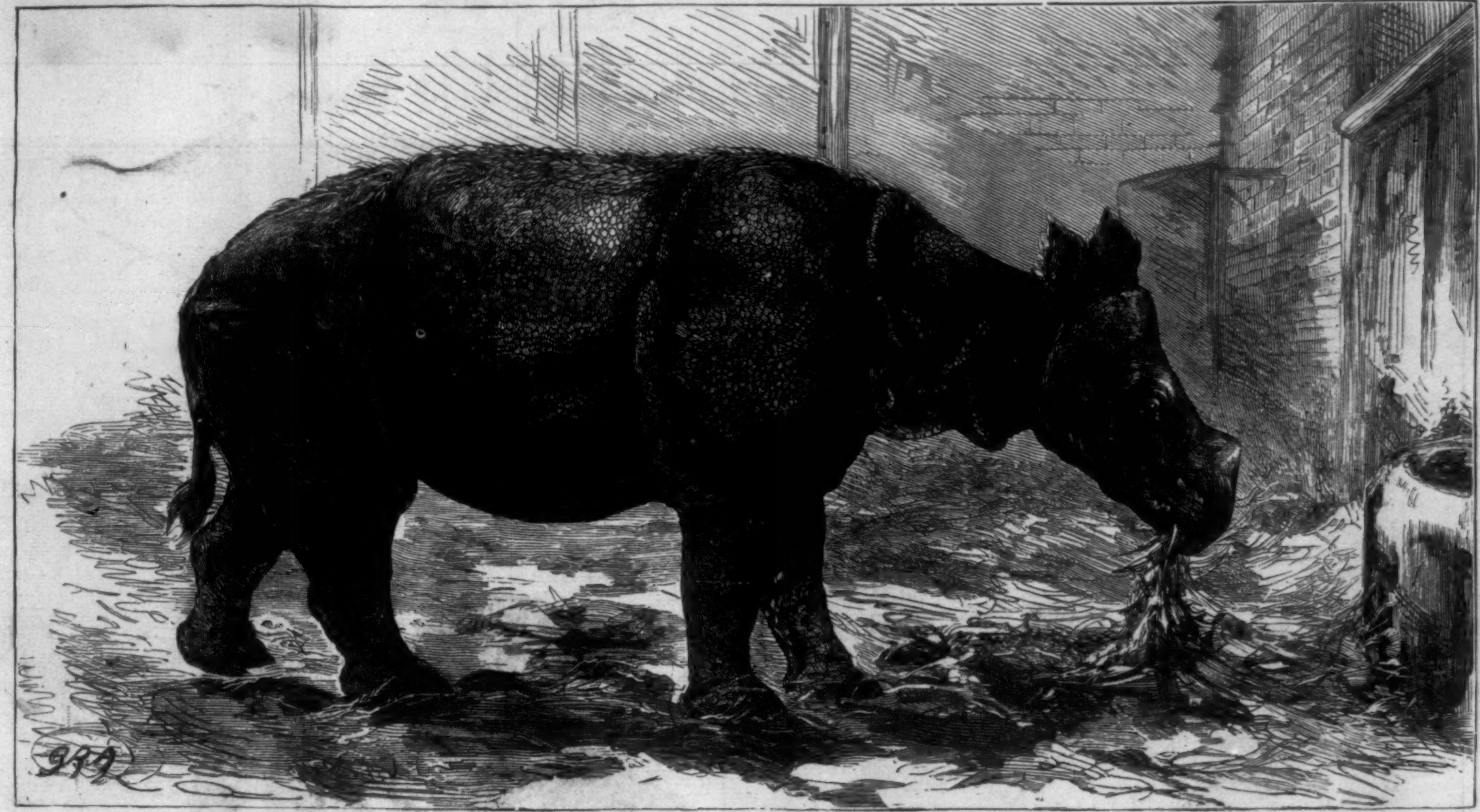

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